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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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POPULIST POND.

NOT QUITE SO DEEP AS THEY EXPECTED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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STAMBULOFF.

THERE have been in the course of centuries, and even in our own days, many assassinations of persons of more or less public importance in that storm-corner of Europe, the Danubian principalities; but not one of them has excited so universal an interest as the murderous attack on STAMBULOFF, the late Prime Minister of Bulgaria. The question who it was that instigated this murder will perhaps never be cleared up with absolute conclusiveness. But the popular belief that political and not personal motives were at the bottom of the crime, and that STAMBULOFF really fell a victim to his endeavor to make Bulgaria a truly independent nation, will doubtless continue to defy any strength of official denial.

The Bulgarians were relieved of the ignorant, rapacious, and brutal tyranny of Turkish rule, under which they had suffered for many generations, in consequence of the war of 1877 between Russia and Turkey. Russia thus figured as the liberator of Bulgaria. But it was by no means the purpose of Russia that Bulgaria should have the attributes, and be permitted to indulge in the aspirations, of a nation truly independent, to be governed by her own interests. According to the Russian scheme, she was to be only a convenient way-station on the march-line of the Russians to Constantinople, her princes to be Russian vassals, her administration to be controlled by Russian emissaries, her military forces to be commanded by Russian officers, and to form substantially only an advanced corps of the Russian army. Thus the liberator threatened to become a selfish and arrogant tyrant in his turn. This the rising national spirit of the Bulgarians refused to accept, and it repelled the intrusion of Russian influence with constantly increasing earnestness. The Russians called this ingratitude. But it was the ingratitude which no nation determined to be independent can do without—the ingratitude which beyond question the Americans would have shown had France, after helping them to throw off the English yoke, attempted to put upon them her own; the ingratitude of the Italians, who, after having been aided by LOUIS NAPOLEON in achieving their national unity, refused to be ruled by French instead of Italian interests.

The first occupant of the new Bulgarian throne, Prince ALEXANDER of Battenberg, was virtually selected by the Russian Czar. Being a relative of the Czarina, a gay young cavalier with a big title and a small purse, apparently dependent upon the favor of the great and mighty, he was expected to become a willing tool of Russian policy. But the frank and chivalrous generosity of his nature inspired the young adventurer with a warm regard for the honor and the interests of the country over which he was to sit as a ruler, and when he found Russian pretensions incompatible with that honor and those interests, he resolutely stood by his people. He soon began to be esteemed and loved by the Bulgarians as one of their own, and when by a bloodless revolution he annexed Roumelia to the Bulgarian domain, and when in the war with Servia he led the Bulgarian army to victory with conspicuous bravery and soldierly skill, he actually became a national hero and popular idol. All Europe began to look at Bulgaria with sympathetic attention. But this did not suit the Russian policy. A band of conspirators in the Russian interest seized Prince ALEXANDER in his palace and carried him upon Russian territory. He was permitted to return, but being plainly informed that the Czar was his implacable enemy, and finding himself in a network of Russian plots at every step, he abdicated and left the country. Meanwhile STAMBULOFF, a young patriot of extraordinary ability and will-power, had risen to the leadership of the national party. A Russian general, KAULBARS, who appeared in Bulgaria to rule the country, found in him more than his match, and met with ignominious failure. STAMBULOFF engineered the election, by the National Assembly, of Prince FERDINAND of Saxe-Coburg as Prince of Bulgaria, and under him STAMBULOFF wielded, as Prime Minister, for several years a power verging on dictatorship.

This power he devoted with remarkable ingenuity and vigor to the task of modernizing his country in the line of agricultural and industrial pursuits, of popular education, of means of communication, and never did he neglect any opportunity to stimulate the national feeling and to repel with resolute courage the intermeddling of Russian influence in Bulgarian affairs. With a strong hand he put down the conspiracies fomented by Russian agents, and he did not recoil from putting to death the conspirators. The ruthless vigor with which he pursued his aims could not fail to excite in the enemies of his cause the determination to get rid of him at any cost, and he barely escaped several attempts upon his life. But he found his most dangerous enemy in the man who owed most to him, Prince FERDINAND, whom he had put on the Bulgarian throne. This prince, a vain and selfish man, with nothing of the chivalrous nature of his predecessor, ALEXANDER, in him, believing that against the hostility of the Russian Czar he would not be able to maintain himself in his position, began to intrigue for Russian favor at the expense of Bulgarian independence, and his first sacrifice was the Prime Minister who had served him so faithfully. STAMBULOFF, forced to resign his portfolio and stripped of his power, was thenceforth helplessly exposed to the vengeful rancor of his enemies in his own country, which he was not even permitted to leave, for a passport was refused him. At last he fell under the knives of assassins, and it is no wonder that public opinion ascribes the foul deed to Russian plotting, and that, when Prince FERDINAND sent a message of sympathy to the widow, he was charged with dastardly dissimulation in addition to moral complicity in the murder.

What the ultimate consequences will be of the blow which struck down the sturdiest champion of Bulgarian independence it is difficult to foresee. No doubt new efforts will be made to stamp out the spirit of national independence among the Bulgarian people, and to degrade that unfortunate young state to the rank of a Russian province. But as "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," it is by no means impossible that the feeling aroused by the martyrdom of STAMBULOFF, who will now appear to his countrymen in the light of a national hero, if not a national saint, may awaken in the Bulgarian people an energy of resentment and resistance against the foreign intermeddler, and a determination to be free, even stronger than those which the living STAMBULOFF could have called forth. When Russia thinks the moment come to sit down at the Bulgarian banquet table, she may find the indomitable national spirit of STAMBULOFF, like Banquo's ghost, filling the chair. Certain it is also that this bloody catastrophe has once more given the civilized world a glimpse of the real character of Russian aggressiveness, and the public opinion of civilized mankind counts for something in shaping the policy of modern states. Bulgaria is likely to have more friends now than before, and Russia has probably lost much more by this event than she could hope to gain.

THE FOLLY OF SOME CONSISTENCY.

SOME of our public men are preaching practical and inspiring sermons on consistency in these days of controversy on the silver question. There seems to be a prevailing opinion that it is a marked and perhaps a distinguishing characteristic of American public men that they never change their minds; that once having announced an opinion on any subject of public concern, they are forever afterwards committed to it. They are supposed to be helplessly chained to it, and no matter what new evidence may be presented, their minds cannot accept a different conclusion except under the penalty of their being held up to scorn and derision as empty weather-vanes.

And yet nothing has been more common in our political history than the changes that have taken place in the opinions of our public men. DANIEL WEBSTER and JOHN C. CALHOUN went from one side to the other of the tariff question, and most of our eminent statesmen have followed their example, although few of them have had an opportunity to change their opinions on a subject that is thought to be so vital as that of the tariff. It is not often that a politician who is bold enough to take a new view thinks that it is worth while to explain or excuse a change of opinion, but MARTIN VAN BUREN once apologized for a vote in favor of internal improvements six years after it was cast, saying that the vote was given in his first session, and before he had thoroughly examined the subject.

No sensible man will dispute the proposition that a change of mind, after due deliberation and on convincing evidence, is not an evidence of weakness and vacillation, but of sound mind and strong character. And it is very doubtful if any candidate for office in this country was ever defeated on the sole ground that he had once given expression to views antagonistic to those that he afterwards professed. Still, there are few political orators or editors who can resist the temptation of flinging an opponent's inconsistencies in his face, and of asking the people to vote against him because of them. We have had a recent exhibition of this tendency in Kentucky, where Mr. BLACKBURN is asking presumably intelligent people to vote for him and free coinage because he has always been for fiat money in this form, and to distrust Mr. CARLISLE'S arguments against free coinage, not because either BLACKBURN or any of his hearers can answer them, but because Mr. CARLISLE is supposed to have once favored free coinage.

There is a deep-seated fear of the charge of inconsistency felt by many of our public men. Notwithstanding the illustrious precedents showing the safety of inconsistency, many a man will do violence to his mind and his conscience rather than face the "deadly parallel column" of the opposition editors. The time is come, however, when a good many parallel columns will have to be faced, and a good many charges of inconsistency will have to be met, if the country is soon to escape the menacing evil of independent free coinage, and it is to be hoped that the constitutional timidity which has so often kept certain politicians on what they have come to learn is the wrong side will be overcome by the fine examples that are being set by Secretaries CARLISLE and SMITH, Congressman JOSIAH PATTERSON, Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, and others, who have frankly acknowledged that if they ever were for the free coinage of silver, it was in unenlightened days.

That all the politicians who have professed to be "friendly to silver as a money metal" really believed what they professed may be doubted. Certainly the manner in which free-coinage measures have seesawed between the Senate and the House of Representatives suggests that politicians' promises to the silver men have not been thoroughly sincere. However, professions in behalf of free silver have been profusely made, and by a large majority of members of Congress, for nearly twenty years. And a good many of these professions must be taken back if the silver question is to be finally settled by the men who are now in public life. The process of convincing these politicians that they were wrong in making the promises to the silver men has been going on for some time, and has met with unexpected success; but not only must his mind be convinced, the courage of the politician must be stimulated. He must be led to see that even from the selfish point of view it is better to be right than to be consistent.

Mr. CARLISLE has declined to discuss his by-gone opinions on the silver question. He is convinced that he is right now, and he asserts that he will contend for what he believes to be right without regard to what may happen to his political future. Secretary SMITH confesses frankly that he once wrote in favor of the free coinage of silver by this country, but he says that this was when he had not studied the question, was busy with his law practice, and assumed that the assertions of the free-silver men were true. He has since studied the question, and has discovered that those assertions were not true, and that the philosophy based upon them is as unsound as it well can be. The editor of the Durango (Colorado) *Democrat*, after alluding to his newspaper's former efforts in behalf of silver, says that the *Democrat* is "ashamed of itself for having lent its influence so long to the perpetuation of the humbug." He also says, "Conscience revolts, as decency long ago revolted, against carrying on this fraud any longer." This is an extreme case, but there must be more than one public man who knows that he has been upholding a "fraud," and who is afraid to speak out lest the charge of inconsistency be made against him. A few days ago, in a speech at Nashville, Congressman PATTERSON said, "It is with pride that I say to this audience that after research and investiga-

tion my intellect and conscience commanded me to sacrifice on the altar of truth preconceived opinions in respect to the difficult but vitally important question on which I am about to address you."

Congressman PATTERSON and all public men who openly and frankly take the position that is here expressed, or who, like Mr. CARLISLE, ignore charges of inconsistency as unworthy of notice, are not only manly, but they are wise. The American people will have an increased respect for them because of the attitude they now assume. The people are not the dolts that timidity assumes them to be. They not only like courage, but they like to think that their Congressmen actually do study the questions on which they are called upon to vote, and are therefore likely to change their opinions occasionally.

It is not to the shame of any public man in this country that he has formerly conciliated or overlooked the silver sentiment. The issue has not generally been regarded as imminent until within the last three or four years, and our public men, few of whom enter official life thoroughly equipped to deal with all the questions that may be presented to them, have only recently been studying the money question. So far as most of them are concerned, the opinions that they now hold are the first that are worthy of the designation. It is to be hoped that as fast as they form sound views concerning the currency they will announce them, and stand by them, without regard to the consistency-howlers. As Mr. PATTERSON said, "A man is a moral coward who, through love of consistency and pride of opinion, continues to embrace an error when the God who made him has given him light to see it."

POLITICS AS A CAREER.

IN the recent transfer of power in England from the Liberals to the Unionists no one feature is more striking in its contrast with American methods than the steadiness of political careers. It is SALISBURY'S third cabinet which succeeds GLADSTONE'S fourth cabinet. To us, to whom the idea of a "third term" is odious, such continuity of power is almost incredible. In English politics, on the other hand, permanency of leadership is the test of successful leadership, and, whether in power or in opposition, the leaders hold their places, and grow and gain in authority.

In the new cabinet, for instance, there is not a man who has not been tried in official life and responsibility. Most of them have been in politics since their early manhood. Even the younger men, who begin their ministerial careers in subordinate positions, are what we should call political veterans. Such a thing as putting a new and untried man in a responsible cabinet position would not be thought of. The English can do these things because a statesman of eminent ability can generally find a constituency to send him to Parliament. All Britain is the district of any member of Parliament, and no Englishman of cabinet calibre need be relegated to private life by the peanut politics of his immediate locality.

It is hardly worth while emphasizing the contrast in this country. Here two successive and opposing "tidal waves" have swept from the face of politics nearly every prominent member of Congress on both sides of the House. No one can argue that such a destruction of all the gains of political experience can be beneficial. Our politics cannot be better managed under a system which ends political careers just when they are most valuable. But the sentiment of local pride is strong enough to prevent our country from getting the benefit of any statesmanship that is not bounded by the district limits.

VIVISECTION DISCUSSION.

WILLIAM TOWNSEND PORTER, Assistant Professor of Physiology in the Harvard Medical School, at the request of five of his fellow-professors (Dr. BOWDITCH, Dr. COUNSELMAN, Dr. WHITNEY, Dr. MINOT, and Dr. ERNEST), has prepared and published in the Boston newspapers a statement concerning vivisection. Dr. PORTER explains briefly the various kinds of experiments commonly made by surgeons upon living animals. He names three classes of them: those in which the animal is narcotized, inspected, and killed while still insensible; those in which it is narcotized, operated on, and allowed to recover; and those in which the operation is done without the use of anæsthetics. He says that in some few operations of the last class, and in those alone, the animal suffers, but that those operations are very rarely done, and never without the most careful consideration.

An elaborate reply to his paper, signed by PHILIP G. PEABODY and GEORGE BAUDRY, M.D., was published in the *Transcript* of July 20. It tells about vivisection as practised in Europe. Its statements as to the number of animals vivisected in Europe and their sufferings are very horrifying. It declares that in Europe anæsthetics are rarely used in vivisections, that the use of even narcotics is unusual, and that narcotics when they are used do not prevent pain. Finally it denies that vivisection is of any practical use in surgery.

Doubtless vivisection as practised in Paris is a very different thing from vivisection in the Harvard Medical School. The truth about it seems to be that it is useful and not necessarily inhumane, but that it is subject to dreadful abuses. Boston is likely to know a great deal about it before this discussion is closed.

THE EXILED LOTTERY.

ON another page of this issue of the WEEKLY will be found Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S account of his visit to the exiled lottery in Honduras. Mr. DAVIS went to Puerto Cortez to see the lottery in its degradation. He found it in the quiet place which he describes, in a dwelling which, although the best house in the poor place, is still humble, in charge of a faithful manager and his wife, maintaining its communication with the contributors to its waning wealth by various shifts and devices.

Unexpectedly pleasant although Mr. DAVIS found his welcome and his sojourn, touching as is the simple faith of the creole manager and his wife in the goodness and charity of this gambling mammoth, whose wrecks are scattered over the Union, there is an atmosphere of gloomy lonesomeness in the big room with its big wheel where the drawings take place, and one can readily imagine the depressing effect upon the old couple when there are no guests to look out with them from the dining-room upon the big emptiness of the place where the money of the victims changes hands, and where the prizes are announced, whose really poor little magnificence is yet glittering enough to catch the gudgeons.

It was a long fall for the lottery from its luxurious quarters in New Orleans to a wooden dwelling in Honduras, where human life fit for social intercourse with intelligent creoles is so scarce that the manager is glad to transform his dwelling into an inn whenever a travelling "gringo" comes along and is willing to break the monotony of the times between "drawings." Once this lottery owned a State, and openly offered it a princely revenue of millions for a renewal of the law which gave it a respectable habitation and a convenient foothold from which it might lure its victims month by month. Now it is an outlaw, and seeks its prey by surreptitious advertising on the play-bills of theatres.

With Mr. DAVIS'S story of his visit to the exiled lottery we publish a brief account of the man who, more than any other, focussed public sentiment upon the lottery and drove it out of the United States. The war against this gambling concern was long and arduous. It was strongly intrenched. Thousands of persons of defective moral tone agreed with the manager at Puerto Cortez and his excellent wife, that the sin of gambling, and of fostering the gambling spirit to the ruin of the young and thoughtless, had to be forgiven, since the lottery devoted so much of its winnings to charity. The enormous private fortunes that had been piled up out of these winnings were overlooked. The great race-track in Westchester County, in this State, based on a single fortune gained from the monthly contributors to the lottery, was forgotten. Only the slender but ostentatious charity was remembered. The lottery had hundreds of political friends. For many years it degraded the State of Louisiana, and made it a partner in its winnings. Its tens of thousands of victims, who wished to make further efforts to regain the money they had lost, desired its continuance; but the American people have a sound morality, and when war was made upon it in earnest, its fate was decreed. An awakened public conscience drove it into exile.

THE BROOK FARM LEGEND.

THE story of Brook Farm has been told and retold so often that one would think it had long ago lost its freshness and interest. Its actual facts have been given with much minuteness of detail, the subsequent lives of those who joined in the experiment are the commonplaces of American biography, and the story of the *Blithedale Romance* still holds its own among the classics by its double claim as a piece of veracious history and as a fiction of absorbing interest.

And still the story of Brook Farm is to-day as fresh and attractive as if it never had appeared before. No editor can handle his exchanges or scan his clippings without coming across frequent and repeated evidences that this by-gone failure of more than half a century ago is a living topic of to-day, that it is an influence which refuses to disappear. To this truth the daily papers bear testimony, all the more valuable because involuntary; their evidence would justify us in paraphrasing a famous poem, to say of the Brook Farm enthusiasts,

> "Still is their name of high account,
> And still their tale hath charms."

The interest taken in everything connected with the Brook Farm experiment suggests that there is still room for a book to be written about it. The story can be told now as it could not have been told earlier. Then it would have looked like flattery to give to those generous souls their due meed of praise, but now the time is almost ripe to crown them as they deserve. It is a good thing for our young people of these days and of all future times to know the story of Brook Farm, and to study it, and to dwell upon it. As a practical experiment it was a total failure, but there are failures more glorious than victories, and the memory of this failure should be cherished. There is reason to believe that in the colleges and schools of the United States, among the young people of the great cities and of the farms, there are souls as lofty and of genius as transcendent as those who have made Brook Farm a shrine and its story an epoch in the history of the intellectual development of this country.

THE CHECKED SUGAR BOUNTY.

MR. BOWLER, the Comptroller of the Treasury, has refused to pay the sugar bounty, notwithstanding that Congress appropriated $5,000,000 for the purpose, until he shall be satisfied that the act making the appropriation is constitutional. No one questions the Comptroller's right and power to refuse payment, and perhaps to govern his conduct by his own view of the law. And yet a good many persons who are permitting their passions or their selfish interests to govern them in this matter are denouncing Mr. BOWLER because, in the exercise of what he regards as his duty, he is temporarily preventing the operation of a law in which Congress and the President have concurred.

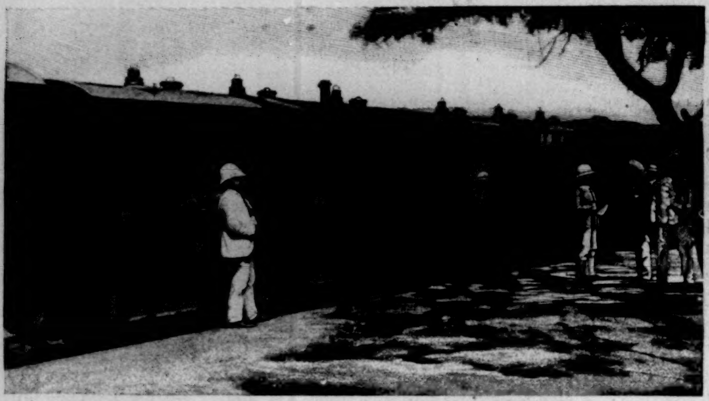
As we have said, no one questions Mr. BOWLER'S power. It has been granted to him by Congress. The only remedy for the state of affairs to which his critics object is his removal from office. They point to the fact that President GRANT once declared that the obstinacy of a Comptroller might be overcome by the appointment of a new Comptroller. This was many years ago, and the incident proves too much for those who are using it as a threat against Mr. BOWLER. It shows, what is the truth, that the Comptroller's power to refuse payment of accounts on the ground of their illegality has not been retained in the statutes through inadvertence on the part of Congress. This power of the Comptroller to act on his own judgment of the law, even when it is contrary to the wishes of his superior executive officers, has often been a subject of controversy, and yet Congress has permitted the power to exist. If Congress did not intend that the Comptroller should act just as Mr. BOWLER may act in respect to the sugar bounty, it would have repealed the law which grants him the power. As it has not repealed the law, to advise the President to remove him because of his exercise of the power is to advise the Chief Executive to circumvent a law which it is his duty to administer. We doubt if Mr. CLEVELAND will follow this hot-headed advice, and remove Mr. BOWLER for doing what he regards as his duty, especially in view of the fact that he has not yet definitely decided the matter, a fact that his critics conveniently ignore.

On the merits of the matter Mr. BOWLER is clearly right. It would be a breach of his duty to pay money, without due deliberation, under a law whose principle has been examined by the courts, and has been declared unconstitutional. The question involved is a much greater one than whether a subordinate officer of the government should possess such extensive jurisdiction as that which is exercised by the Comptroller of the Treasury. That question may be readily settled by Congress in the manner we have indicated. The real point of this controversy is as to the power of Congress to grant bounties to be paid from the taxes collected from the people to private persons. This question ought to be settled. If Mr. BOWLER should consent to the payment of money under this appropriation, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to bring the issue into court. It is not probable that the Treasury would sue for the recovery of money paid under the law, even if such a suit could be maintained. The time to compel an inquiry into the constitutionality of the law is now, before the government has parted with the money.

In considering this subject it must be borne in mind that the question raised by Mr. BOWLER has been already passed upon by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, where it was ably argued by Assistant Attorney-General WHITNEY, who undoubtedly acted not only under the authority of Mr. OLNEY, who was then Attorney-General, but with the assent and doubtless at the request of Secretary CARLISLE. The case was entitled "The United States *ex rel.* the Miles Planting and Manufacturing Company *vs.* JOHN G. CARLISLE and JOSEPH S. MILLER." In the opinion of the court occurs the following: "We think the authorities cited above establish beyond question that the power of taxation in all free governments like ours is limited to public objects and purposes governmental in their nature. No amount of incidental public good or benefit will render valid taxation or the appropriation of revenues to be derived therefrom for a private purpose.... If it may be for 'the general welfare of the United States' to encourage the production of sugar by the grant of a bounty, it is hard to conceive why the producers of corn, wheat, cotton, wool, coal, iron, silver ore, etc., might not be paid a bounty also.... Such a doctrine would destroy the idea that this is a government of 'delegated, limited, and enumerated powers,'... and open the way for a flood of socialistic legislation, the specious plea for all of which has ever been 'the general welfare.' It is a doctrine that we cannot subscribe to."

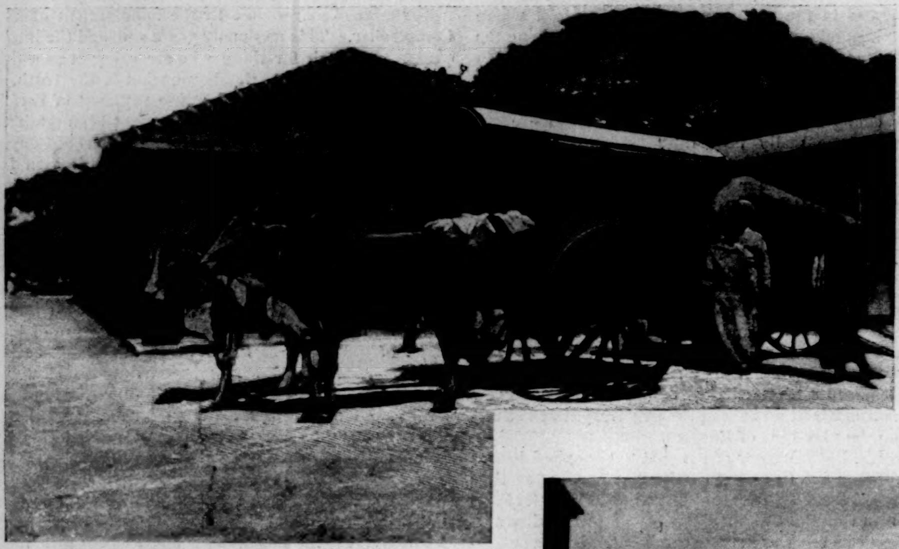
It is true that the determination of the constitutional question was not necessary to the decision of the case, but the judges deemed that question of such importance that they considered it fully, and announced their views concerning it at length. No one who reads the sentences which we have quoted can fail to agree with the judges. The question is, shall the Treasury recognize the power of Congress to expend the public moneys in aid of private citizens, to embody socialism in the statute-books, or shall the Supreme Court be called upon now, when the opportunity offers, to pass upon the question on which the District of Columbia Court of Appeals is so certain?

We are inclined to think that some of Mr. BOWLER'S critics will eventually thank him for checking the operation of this communistic statute long enough to procure a decision. Of course we assume that the sugar-planters will bring suit against the government, under Congressional authority, existing or to be obtained.



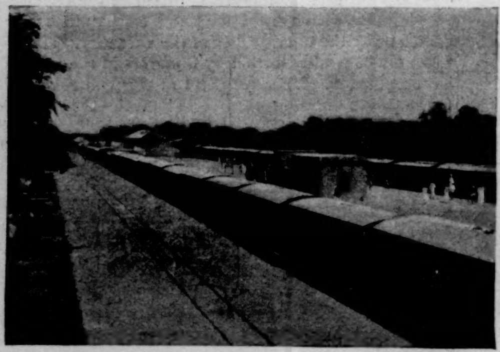
OUR CARRIAGE ON THE SOUTH INDIAN RAILWAY.

A SOUTH INDIAN RAILWAY TRAIN.

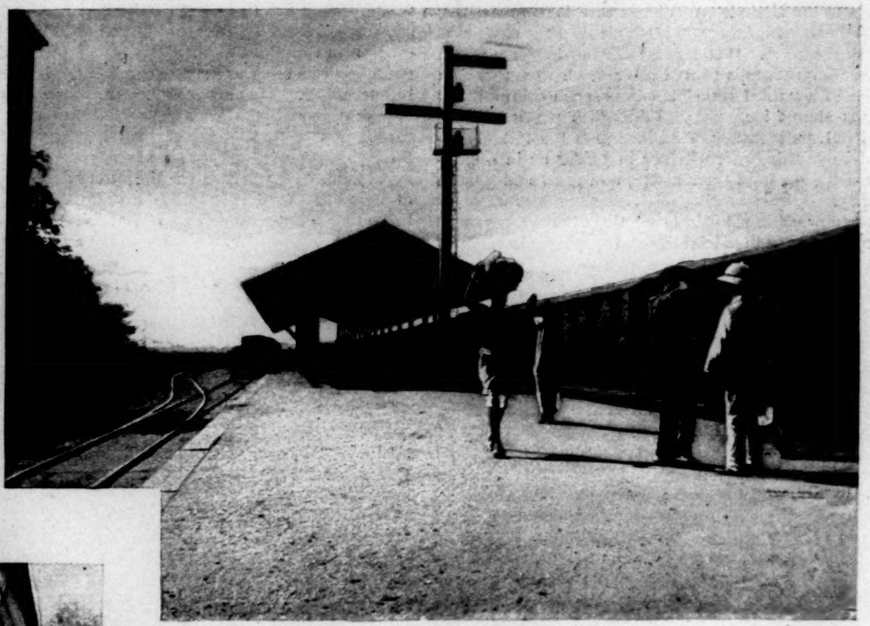


BULLOCK CART AT ONE OF THE STATIONS.

INTERIOR OF OUR CARRIAGE.



A SOUTH INDIAN RAILWAY STATION.



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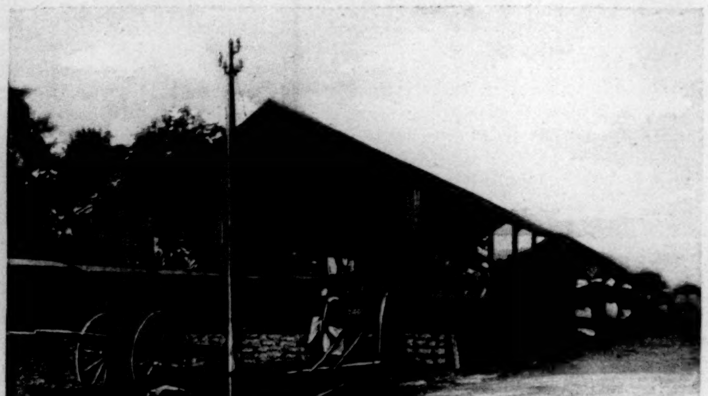
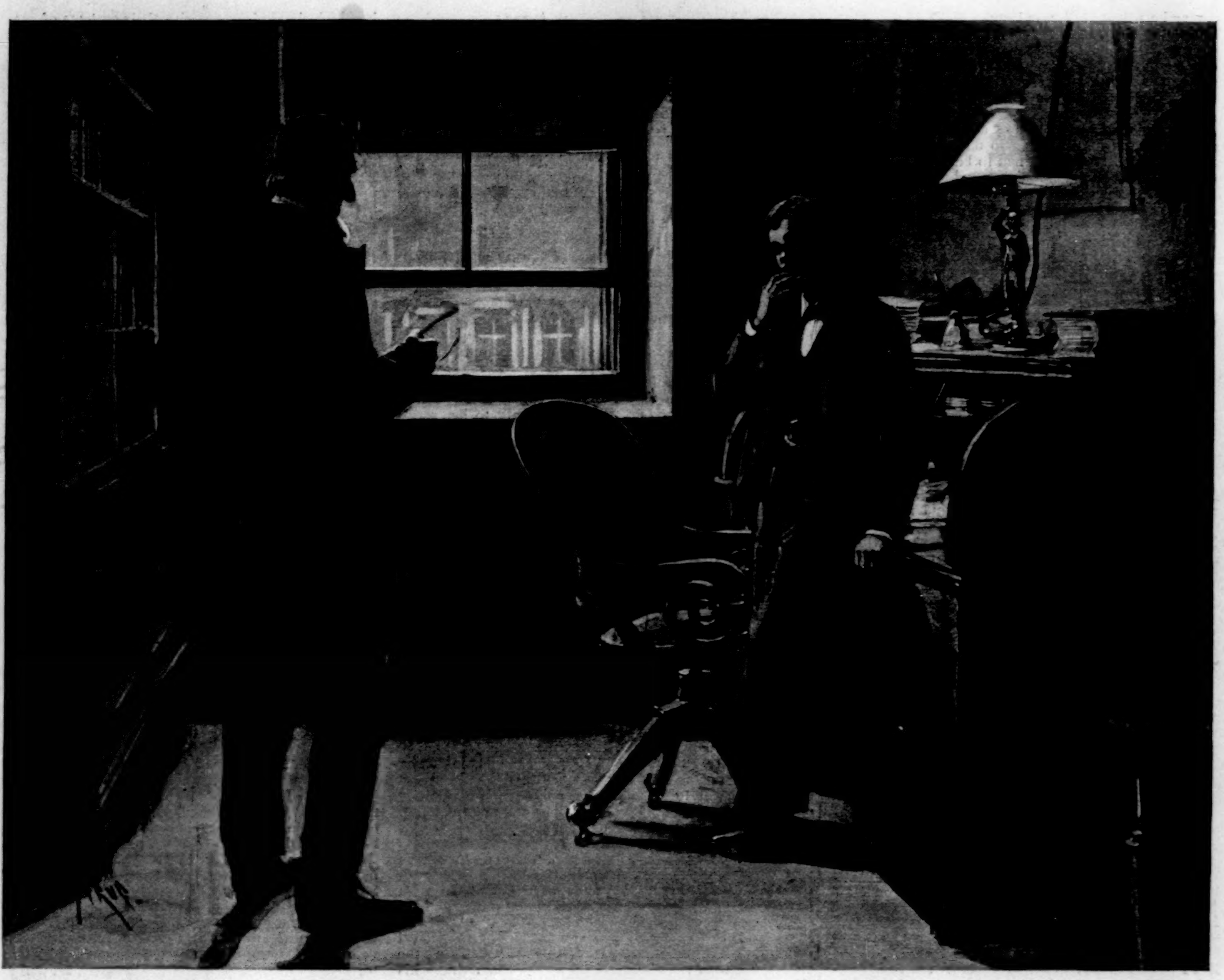


GOODS-SHED AT SATUR.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN SOUTHERN INDIA—THE SOUTH INDIA RAILWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 724.]



"YOU DON'T OBJECT TO MY MAKING MONEY, DO YOU?"

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

VII.

FOR several days after he had read the paragraph in the *Stock Exchange Standard*, explaining how Ezra Pierce had helped himself to a million dollars of the stock of General Ceramic without rendering any real equivalent for it, Winslow felt as he had not felt since he had broken down in his training just before the Freshman race, in consequence of which he had seen his classmates badly beaten. It seemed to him now as though he had lost something suddenly, something of great value and not to be replaced. Although he could not specify it to himself even, the precious thing now irretrievably departed was his confidence in his father. Hitherto he had seen Ezra Pierce solely through his mother's eyes, looking upon him as wise and good. He had been downtown long enough to find out that the Street did not hold Ezra Pierce in high honor; but the son set down his father's ill-repute to the jealousy of many rivals and to the meanness of more. In the face of the knowledge he had now acquired of one of his father's operations, he almost doubted the honesty of all the others. He knew no longer what to think. He knew no longer where he stood. The solid ground melted away under his feet, and there was no branch for him to grasp.

Winslow had been brought up by his mother, who had given him her own simple and narrow notions of right and wrong, as sharply distinct as white and black. She had taught him that only bad men smoked or swore, amused themselves on Sunday, gambled, or drank. She had taught him that only bad men stole—and to her stealing had no narrow limitations; to her it was stealing not merely to rob another man, but also to take without paying. To get something for nothing was to be a thief. To sell that for a million dollars which had cost the seller nothing whatever would seem to Mrs. Pierce but little better than to snatch the bag in which a man might be carrying a million dollars. To take advantage of another man, by force or by fraud, was to be a robber. In her direct vision there was a hard and fast line between good and evil; and she had warned her son against the casuistry which might seek to confuse them ever so slightly. Honesty was one thing, and it was a simple thing. Dishonesty was something else, as different as night from day, and as easily to be detected. There were good men and there were bad men; and she had brought up her son to be a good man, she hoped, knowing clearly what was right and what was wrong, and ready to do his duty whatever befell.

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Unfortunately, Winslow's mother had complicated this teaching, and, as it turned out now, she had neutralized it, by holding up before her son the example of his father. Ezra Pierce had never talked over his business affairs with his wife, and she knew none of the details of the transactions by which he had made his money. He had never explained to her the code of moral procedure which he had slowly elaborated for himself in nearly forty years of commercial striving. Indeed, he had never formulated it to himself; and he might have rejected, had he heard them phrased, some of the principles which guided his actions every day.

In many of its clauses the code Ezra Pierce accepted and the code which his wife had expounded to their son were alike; both acknowledged the duty of living a clean life. Ezra Pierce had never had the slightest desire to live any other than a clean life. For him, absorbed as he was in the lust of money-making, the grosser vices of man were not temptations. He did not play cards, or drink wine, or smoke tobacco; he had never wished to do any one of the three; he had never been tempted towards any other sensual indulgence. Where Ezra Pierce's code began to differ from his wife's was only when it turned from a man's duty towards himself to lay down his duty towards his neighbor; and yet even here his wife's code had once been his own, and his had changed from hers so slowly and insensibly, and by so many and so various business opportunities, that he did not suspect their divergence; he was wholly unconscious that he did not always practise strictly and fully the morality he heard his wife instil into his son.

Ezra Pierce would have been surprised—nay, more, he would have been shocked—if he could have been shown how his rule of conduct had been bent and twisted and warped from its original uprightness under the pressure of the life he had led in Wall Street, where ruse and intrigue had come to seem to him as legitimate as they were in any other warfare. After many years of intense devotion to money-making, not from avarice, but from sheer delight in the sport of the Stock Exchange, he now acted on the theory that everything was lawful that was not illegal. And even as to what might or might not be illegal, Ezra Pierce often took the advice of counsel before acting, unwilling to run any risk of breaking the law, but quite willing to bend it as near to the breaking-point as might be safe. Whatever the law did not expressly forbid, Ezra Pierce held that he had a right to do without question.

Thinking of money-making, and thinking only of that, Ezra Pierce had had little time to give to his son, and until Winslow had left college and entered his father's office he had never associated with his father. There had never been any real intimacy between them, although the son was proud of his father and of his father's success in life, and although the father had his ambition for the son's future. Even after the son had spent nearly a year in the office, seeing his father at all hours of the day, the young man knew the elder but little better. He still saw his father through the spectacles his mother had trained him to use.

Now, all at once, without warning, the son found himself forced to form his own opinion of his father's character. The exigency was painful, and he did not know how to meet it. He confessed his own ignorance of the methods of men of business, and he wondered if there were not some simple explanation of the transaction which had shocked him — some explanation obvious enough to the expert but not to be perceived by a novice like himself. Once he was upon the point of going to Mr. Arrowsmith and of asking the old bookkeeper to explain the matter to him. But he was deterred from this by the dread that perhaps there was no possible explanation. When he turned over in his mind, as he kept doing, the facts of the case—the mortgaging of the property for more than it had cost, and the exchanging of the million stock which represented nothing for a million in shares of the General Ceramic which were saleable at par and above it—when he turned these things over, he did not dare to go to any one to ask any question at all.

Two questions he asked himself again and again. Somebody had been cheated out of a million of dollars; who was it? Somebody had pocketed a million of dollars unjustly; who was it? The first question he could not answer. The second he was afraid to attempt to answer.

In the three days which intervened between Winslow's unfortunate discovery and the arrival in town of Ezra Pierce, the son was restless and nervous. At night he slept, for he was young, but he had troubled dreams, and he awoke unrefreshed. In the daytime he did the little work he was called upon to do; and the rest of the time he gave to self-torment, standing at the window of the office of the Ramapo Pottery Company and looking down at the hurrying crowds in Wall Street below. He stood there by the hour, twisting his slight mustache or biting his nails fiercely, and wondering whether the morality of business was different from the morality of the family. He longed for his father to come to town, that he might ask for an explanation.

Yet when Ezra Pierce did return to the city, his son did not find it easy to have the confidential conversation he had been longing for. At the house in Madison Square, Mrs. Pierce and Mary were with the father and

the son, and a private talk was impossible. At the office, an unexpected flurry in industrials, during which General Ceramic fell five points and then recovered three, kept Ezra Pierce too busy to be approached easily.

Finally, on the third day after his father's return to town, Winslow found his opportunity. A little after two that afternoon Ezra Pierce happened to be at leisure, and he came into his son's office to look at a map which hung against the door between the two offices. To examine the map conveniently the door had to be closed, and thus father and son were shut in together and alone.

Winslow saw that the fit opportunity had come. His father was not busy for the moment. Yet the son hesitated. He wished that he could postpone the question indefinitely. But the desire to understand the transaction, to have an explanation, to know what had been done, was imperative; and at last, just as Ezra Pierce had his hand on the knob of the door to go back to his own office, the son found courage to speak.

"Father," he began, and the color left his cheeks, "I've been wanting to ask you something for quite a while, and I haven't had a chance till now—"

"Well," Ezra Pierce answered—and his son paused doubtfully—"what is it you want to know?"

"Well," the son returned, "as I am president of the Ramapo Pottery Company, I thought I'd like to know all about it."

"All about it?" echoed his father, whose voice was probably no harsher than usual, although it seemed so to the son. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," and Winslow conquered his awe of his father by a violent effort and went on—"I mean what did the works cost? How much did you pay for them?"

"I thought I had told you all about it at the time," Ezra Pierce answered. "The man who owned the works wanted seven hundred thousand dollars first, but I paid him four hundred and seventy-five, or eighty, I forget which, and he was to pay the broker's commission. He was in bad health, and that made him in a hurry to close out."

"He's dead," said Winslow; "so I see in the papers."

"Is he?" Ezra Pierce responded. "Well, he didn't look as if he could last long when I saw him the day we passed the deed."

It was then the first week in September, and the window before them was open. The roar of the city rolled in, and above it rose the stridulous quaverings of a hand-organ at the corner of Exchange Place, playing "Push dem clouds away." The street below them was glaring in the September sunlight; messenger-boys were busy in all directions, and men were going in and out of the broad portal of the Stock Exchange opposite.

Winslow had been observing his father closely, and he saw no indication that his father dreaded any discussion of the subject. Nor was there any discrepancy between Ezra Pierce's present statements and the facts as Winslow had been able to gather them for himself.

"If you paid less than half a million for the property," the son went on, "how could you mortgage it for a hundred thousand pounds?"

"But I placed those bonds in England," the father explained. "They are satisfied with less over there than we are here, and they don't know as much about the securities they invest in."

Winslow looked at his father fixedly, but Ezra Pierce remained perfectly calm under his son's gaze. Apparently he did not understand it or suspect the reason for it.

"Do you mean that the potteries are not worth the mortgage?" Winslow asked.

"Of course I don't," Ezra Pierce returned, impatiently. "They are worth twice the mortgage easily. I think they were worth the seven hundred thousand dollars the former owner asked me, and he could have got it if he hadn't been in a hurry, and if I hadn't been able to offer him all cash. And they are worth more now that there has been a combination to cut off the cutthroat competition which reacted on values. Besides, the bonds are perfectly secure now anyway, since the General Ceramic assumed all obligations when it absorbed the Ramapo Company. You see that clearly, don't you, Winslow?"

"Yes," Winslow admitted, "I see that now. I don't suppose the British bondholders are likely to lose anything. But that isn't really what I meant to ask you—or, at least, that's only part of it. What I wanted to know was about the million stock of the company."

"What do you want to know about that?" asked the father, as the son hesitated again just as he was coming to the point.

"Only this," answered Winslow, after swallowing with an effort: "The pottery was mortgaged for what you had paid for it, wasn't it? Then what did the million stock represent?"

"I don't see why you should ask about that now," Ezra Pierce responded, "after I've exchanged all those shares for shares in the General Ceramic."

"But I'd like to see if I can't understand it better," Winslow persisted, surprised that his father did not see the transaction from his point of view. "What were those shares really worth?"

"What are any shares really worth?" his father repeated. "They are worth just what you can get for them—and for those I got as good as par."

Winslow made another attempt to express himself more clearly.

"But when you first issued those shares," he said, "when you first formed the company, and sold the bonds in London, and issued the shares here, what did that million dollars of stock really represent?"

"What does it matter what they represented then?" asked his father, with a suggestion of irritation at Winslow's stupidity in persisting. "It's of no consequence what they represented then, since I've been able to place them at par."

"But if the pottery was mortgaged for all it cost," the son went on, "the stock didn't represent anything at all, did it?"

"Oh," responded the father, "you want to know what was behind the issue of stock? Well, as I told you, the property was really worth a good deal more than I paid for it; but, of course, the most of the stock was water. Then, I didn't try to sell it on the Street—I never asked the Stock Exchange to list it."

"Then, really," said Winslow at last, "that million dollars of stock didn't cost you anything, since you sold the bonds for all you paid for the pottery."

"Yes," his father answered; "that was clear profit, as it turned out."

"And you are selling off the General Ceramic shares you got for it for par and over?" Winslow continued. "So you will be a million dollars richer by the purchase and sale of the Ramapo works?"

"Yes," Ezra Pierce replied. "You don't object to my making money, do you? It will all be yours some day, of course."

Winslow bit his nails and hung his head as he answered, "Well, I didn't know you made money that way."

"What way?" his father retorted, raising his voice. "What is there wrong with the way I made that million? I made it by my own shrewdness, and by seeing a chance and seizing it."

"I know," the son answered, hesitating again; "but you got something for nothing, didn't you?"

"Well?" asked Ezra Pierce.

"Well," Winslow explained, "mother always told me that it was wrong to take anything without giving an equivalent."

Ezra Pierce looked at his son for a full minute without replying.

Then at last he said: "Your mother is a very good woman, Winslow, a very good woman—but she knows nothing at all about business. I never talk to her at all about my affairs. She wouldn't understand anything. Women never do see things clearly—you will learn that as you grow older. Your mother is the best woman in the world, but she has had no business experience. She has no head for figures. If she has given you any such ideas as that, you had better get rid of them as soon as you can if you expect to make your way in the world. Down here in the Street every man has to take care of himself. You look out of that window and see the crowd in Wall Street and Broad Street and Exchange Place—every man in that crowd is trying to do the best he can for himself. You know, of course, that I wouldn't injure any man. There was water in that million stock, lots of it, I know that, and the mortgage represented all I had paid for the property. But what of it now? Nobody is injured by my profit. Nobody is out a dollar because I've made a million. The bondholders are better protected than ever, since they have not only the security of the property, but also the guarantee of General Ceramic. And the stockholders of General Ceramic are all right too—if the tariff isn't altered. They will get good dividends. With the cutting down of expenses and the putting up of prices all round, as they can do when there's no competition, they ought to be able to earn five per cent. at least on the whole forty-million stock. Perhaps I ought to tell you, too, that most of the other potteries were just as badly watered as the Ramapo. I knew that there was water in theirs, and they knew that there was water in mine; so we called it square and let each man value his own plant. I think perhaps we were too liberal with each other, and maybe there's a little more water than the business can stand. That's one reason why I've been selling—and if the market doesn't break, I shall have got rid of all my shares before the end of this month. That's the way a business man watches carefully, and reduces his risks, and gets out of dangerous investments, just at the right time."

Before Winslow was ready to say anything in answer a knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Farebrother entered to say that Mr. Cusachs had telephoned to know if Mr. Pierce was ready to see him.

"Tell him to come right up," said Ezra Pierce, following his clerk out of the room.

When his father left him alone again Winslow was almost trembling under the strain of the explanation he had had. Ezra Pierce had spoken plainly, and yet the son did not at once perceive the full meaning of what his father had said. For the moment Winslow did not really know what to think. He saw that his father's point of view and his mother's were almost diametrically opposed each to the other, and that what his mother would denounce as wrong his father would accept unhesitatingly. According to his mother's code, what his father had done was doubtfully honest at best. Yet it was obvious that his father was conscious of no wrong-doing. Indeed, Winslow saw plainly that his father held the transaction by which the profit of a million dollars had been made to be perfectly reputable, not to say praiseworthy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

THE SOUTH INDIAN RAILWAY.

RAILWAYS that have done so much for every civilized country in the last fifty years have nowhere done a more beneficent work than in India. It is no easy matter to picture to one's self what India must have been before the introduction of railroads made intercommunication a possibility between the widely separated districts of this densely peopled country. If it were only in the prevention of the frequent local famines that have from time immemorial affected India more than perhaps any other country on the face of the globe, it is no easy matter to fancy how vast a blessing the railways of India have been to millions of human beings. Nor is this by any means the only way in which they have benefited the country and people. The first railway whistle that sounded in India was practically the death-knell of the old state of things—the oppression, the misrule, the grinding injustice under which the people of India had groaned for many centuries.

The great mutiny of 1857 was the turning-point in the history of India. Up to that time England had been engaged, through the East India Company, in the herculean task of conquering the country from the native princes, who had divided it up into more or less convenient areas in which they might exercise their systems of almost inhuman oppression upon the wretched inhabitants. To secure their supremacy the company had winked at all kinds of abuses, and avoided meddling with anything that seemed likely to give offence to native prejudices, in the hope of escaping anything like a general resistance to their growing power. The great mutiny was the final answer to this policy, and proved conclusively that it was a failure. Few nations have had a more bitter lesson in practical politics than England had in 1857, but she took it to heart, and so far at any rate as India is concerned she has profited by it. She had tried the old system of conquest by mingled force and intrigue, and it had led to a great tragedy; since then she has employed different methods.

The new policy of India was the public-works policy. It embraced railroads, roads, and irrigation, as well as harbor improvements, and under it India has in the last forty years progressed more in all that tends to the elevation and well-being of a people than she did in thousands of years before. Our first experiences of Indian railway travelling were enough to suggest these considerations, and a very little inquiry as to the state of things that existed in the districts of southern India through which we found ourselves travelling, before railways existed, was enough to give us some idea of the civilizing power of transportation made easy.

The South Indian line is one of the latest extensions of the general railway system which the imperial policy of England has promoted in her Indian Empire. Like nearly all the Indian lines, it has been constructed and is operated by a company under the guarantee by the Indian treasury of a minimum percentage return on the capital employed. In this way the government has been able to exercise a complete control over the construction of the Indian lines, and they also to a considerable, and probably very necessary extent, control the mode of working and the rates both for passenger and goods traffic over the lines. The South Indian line is on the narrowest gauge of any as yet in operation in the peninsula, being only three feet three inches. Some doubt as to the paying character of the traffic on the projected line may probably have been the cause of this more economical scale of construction, but if so the results must have proved that all fears on this score were unfounded. The line is well constructed and well operated, and, to judge by the traffic both in goods and passengers at present, it ought to be an excellent investment for the company, as well as an inestimable benefit to the people of the districts through which it passes.

The use of the eight-wheeled or "Bogey" car, or "carriage," as it is called here, in common with all other Eastern possessions of Britain, has proved a great success. The natives of all classes have taken so strong a fancy to their use in preference to the old four-wheeled cars that they have almost entirely superseded them. They all open from the side, on a level with the platforms of the line, and are singularly well adapted to the requirements of the country and climate. The saloon carriage which was placed at our disposal on this line fairly represents the first-class accommodation, and renders travelling as comfortable as the circumstances of heat and dust will permit. Our illustrations of this car, both from the outside and inside, will enable any one to see for himself the best conditions of railway travel on an Indian line.

First-class passengers are, however, the exception on an Indian railroad. It is not to the few Europeans or natives of high rank that the companies have to look for their returns, but to the teeming thousands of the common people, who crowd the second-class compartments and overflow the railway platforms in a living tide. They, of course, have no saloon carriages; indeed, the narrow compartments into which the second-class carriages are divided leave so little room for each passenger that one can only wonder that they care to travel at all, and yet they are popular to an extent which astonishes a stranger. At each station the trains land seething crowds of white-robed passengers, and embark other crowds eagerly waiting for room, so that the railway platforms are among the most vivid scenes of native life to be seen in passing through the country.

The really enormous amount of passenger traffic on the line does not prevent a very heavy goods traffic being also done, and the way-side stations are frequent where, under long and wide open sheds, are piled heaped-up sacks of grain and bales of cotton, surrounded by groups of less than half-clad coolies ready to load the next long goods train, which is sure to follow close upon our mail train, on its way to Madras or some other and nearer port of shipment. An occasional glimpse of a long dusty road as we pass shows the great wagons drawn by the humped oxen of the country, and loaded with pyramids of produce, toiling slowly towards the stations amidst clouds of white dust, while at each goods station there are long lines of unloaded wagons, patient oxen, and chattering drivers who have brought loads from the back country and are waiting for loads to arrive by the next train.

In India, as in Ceylon, the native ox is the beast of burden of the country. The large, slow-moving, and powerful breeds are to be seen on every road doing the heavy work of transportation over the generally rough roads of the country, while outside every station may be seen the pretty little white zebus harnessed by the simple neck-yoke to light two-wheeled carts or wagons which serve equally for the carriage of mails, light goods, or passengers.

Yet it is, after all, rather the people of this strange, vast empire, set down among these novel surroundings, that form the great attraction of railway travel through the Indian peninsula. The crowds of thronging passengers at every station, evidently representing wholly different races of men—unlike in features, in language, and in dress—the dignified high-caste Brahmin, the comfortable, well-to-do Parsee, and thence downwards by a dozen gradations to the coolie, with his rude turban and white waist-cloth for sole garment, and last, but by no means least striking feature, the native soldier, representing the great organizing force which holds together with an iron yet hardly visible hand the whole mass of growing civilization. The scene is even more impressive than the sister picture of the temples, pagodas, and palaces in all the wealth of their barbaric splendor, standing as a background to the plain but massive station buildings, the vast and solid railway platforms, the majestic locomotive engines, and the long trains of railway cars, that speak of the new civilization in contrast with the old.

JAPANESE JOURNALISM.

BY EUSTACE B. ROGERS, U.S.N.

THE daily newspaper in Japan springs naturally from the conditions of the country's modern life. After the revolution of 1868 a gazette, the *Daijokuan Nisshi*, was issued by the government, but it was made up of official notices, and its only readers were the official classes.

It was the custom, too, when any unusual event occurred to make it known by "extras"—small sheets, rudely printed from engraved wooden blocks, and sold in the streets.

In 1871 a small weekly newspaper appeared in Tokyo, followed later by two daily papers, the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* and *Mainichi Shimbun*. These papers were, however, mainly advertising sheets, and "their columns were defaced by filthy paragraphs." Their editors did not yet dare to make comments on current events, and the people scarcely understood as yet what a daily newspaper was. This lesson was taught them a year later by an Englishman, Mr. J. R. Black, who commenced to issue in Yokohama the *Nisshin Shinjisshi* (Reliable Daily News). It was printed in Chinese character, and its first fount contained 1200 characters, which grew day by day, as some new one was needed, until it reached 12,000 separate and distinct characters. Several men were employed in the office cutting these additions in wood-type size. These were soon afterwards replaced by metal type, and as new characters were required the editor would send to the foundry and buy one or two, or the number needed, at one cent each.

In the columns of the *Nisshin* appeared comments on abuses and on Japanese customs not in accord with foreign ideas. The criticisms were all made in a temperate spirit, and their influence on the government was seen by the abolition of the abuses and customs. This was the first real newspaper published in Japanese.

In the two years following about fifty papers were started, and, according to the latest available statistics (1893), 767 newspapers and magazines are published in Japan, which are divided as follows: General topics, 347; scientific, 170; religious, 68; sanitary, 45; educational, 79; legal, 13; governmental ordinances, 39; miscellaneous, 6. The avidity with which the people have seized upon this means of popular education and information is vividly shown by the postal statistics. The number of newspapers and magazines carried in the mails increased from 18,248,305 in 1887 to 49,081,972 in 1891.

In all the large cities the papers are issued daily, except on holidays, and in the country they appear several times a week and weekly. The press of Tokyo is the most influential, and its issues find their way into the most remote parts of the empire. Every shade of political opinion is represented. The best-known journals are the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* (literally Day-by-Day Newspaper), the *Jiji Shimpo* (Times News), the *Mainichi Shimbun* (Daily Newspaper), the *Tokyo Koron* (Tokyo Public Opinion), and the *Choya Shimbun* (Court and Country News). There are many others besides these.

Probably the most prominent feature of Japanese journalistic life is the frequent suspension of newspapers which have offended against the press laws. The result of this action is sometimes to destroy the paper, which cannot recover from the financial loss involved in the suspension. The press laws are very rigorous, and the censors and police display much zeal in their enforcement. In Tokyo in 1889 the suspensions were forty-eight, and for periods of from seven to eighty-nine days. Sentences of imprisonment for such offences are not uncommon. A notable case occurred several years since, and attracted wide attention at the time owing to the severity of the punishment dealt out to the offenders.

On February 11, 1890, the imperial court celebrated the anniversary of the accession to the throne, in 660 B.C., of Jimmu Tenno, the first of the present dynasty of emperors. He was a personage of somewhat hazy existence and of doubtful origin. He was of the sixth generation in descent from the sun-goddess. He had a dragon for a grandmother, and his mother was his father's aunt.

The *Nahi Nippo* published some comments on the celebration in the following terms:

"Old Japan was a state in which the chief power was centred in the strongest individuals, and was a deformed body which could not be called a properly constituted state. This deformed body acted in a self-willed way, so that the people were very much affected, and it was the enemy of past generations. Any person knowing the conditions ruling at that time should not be so foolish as to celebrate the foundation of such a state, and to all those who do so we say they are similar to a man who prays that he may sink in servitude, with no desire to rise from that condition. Is not the flag which is fluttering over our doors a sign that we are slaves as of old? as in this way is the foundation of the kingdom of Jimmu Tenno celebrated. If so, we can only laugh at their foolishness. The date of the foundation of Old Japan is not a day of congratulation for us. Yes, it is a gladsome day, but for the Imperial House alone. The state has nothing to do with it."

The writer of this article, and the editor and publisher of the paper, were arrested and charged with speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor and his ancestors. They were tried and found guilty. The first was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for four years, to pay a fine of 150 yen (about $76), and to be under police surveillance for two years after his release. To the two others was meted out a like imprisonment, a fine of 100 yen, and police surveillance for eighteen months after their release.

Liberty of speech and freedom of the press, as known in Western countries, are still a far-off dream to Japanese writers. The editor is compelled to employ all manner of subterfuges to convey to his readers forbidden information and opinions. He becomes an expert in double meanings and innuendoes. He sometimes employs illustrations portraying Japanese events as occurring in other lands. He is forbidden to publish anything "prejudicial to public order or subversive of public morality," and when he does "the minister of state for the interior is empowered to suspend . . . either totally or temporarily" the offending sheet. There is no definite standard. That rests with the official in question. The constant dread, therefore, of overstepping the bounds compels the editor to keep most of his opinions to himself.

During the recent war the press censorship was of the severest character. The newspapers were forbidden by police regulation from publishing any information on the following subjects: "the number or movements of men-of-war; the number of men or horses, or the quantity of provisions requisitioned; the changes in railway service in connection with the despatch of troops; the recruiting of men; the purchase of military stores; the manufacture of ammunition; the assembling of troops; the embarkation or disembarkation of troops; the number of troops despatched to the war, numbers of regiments and commanding officers; the movements or mobilization of troops; the locality of coast defences, and the number of troops quartered there; government officers connected with the war, and movements of officers; matters in regard to communications respecting the war; and, as if these were not sufficient, any military intelligence which the police may consider liable to produce ill feeling amongst the people." Consequently editors, correspondents, and writers have been compelled very frequently to draw upon their imaginations, and such accounts as were published appeared long after the events they told about, and after careful supervision by the censors.

Of Japanese editors the most famous is Mr. Fukuzawa Yukichi, proprietor of the *Jiji Shimpo*, and one of the most remarkable men of modern Japan. Born about 1834, he went in his youth to Osaka and studied Dutch. In 1858 he appeared in Tokyo, and two years later came to this country. On his return to his native land he took back with him a Webster's Dictionary, the first, it is believed, that reached Japan. In 1862 he went to Europe, and in 1866 published in Tokyo the result of his observations abroad. It was the first work of the kind ever printed in Japan. He then made a second trip to the United States, and afterwards established in the Japanese capital his famous private school. He was among the first of native writers to discover that the abandonment of her isolation and the adoption of foreign civilization were to Japan a necessity in order to preserve her independence, and when many of his countrymen were crying, "Expel the foreigners," he came out boldly and with voice and pen urged the adoption of Western civilization.

He has many times refused tempting offers of public office, and has been called by Professor Chamberlain "the intellectual father of half the young men who now fill the middle and lower posts in the government of Japan."

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK.

THE RUSSO-POLISH JEW COLONY.

BY W. BENGOUGH.

WITHIN that section of New York city which lies nearest to the bay several foreign colonies have been deposited by the flood of immigration which has been pouring for so many years through the Narrows.

The Russo-Polish Jews have formed a colony which fills several streets on the lower East Side of the city, and here the pure type of the Hebrew swarms, to the exclusion of almost every other race. They come from Russia, Austria, Poland, and Roumania, and in almost every instance landed here without means, and were taken care of by their rich brethren, who provided them with shelter, food, and clothing, through the officers of the United Hebrew Charities, until they were in a position to help themselves. New York has between two hundred and two hundred and fifty thousand of these people, and the majority of that number inhabit the one section of the city.

Their language is the Judæo-German, and it is made up of words of the German language of the Middle Ages, and a copious admixture of Hebrew, as well as of words from other languages of nations the Jews live with. The freedom of the press in America has encouraged the publication of more newspapers and journals in the Judæo-German language than are published in any of the other countries; and a remarkable fact is here to be noted—that whereas many of the Jews living in Russia make no effort to learn to speak the Russian language, the novel sense of freedom in America stimulates the latent ambition for progression, and they promptly try to become Americans in language and all things which will tend to their advancement, many even changing their names, so that all barriers to their success may be removed. There are hundreds of teachers in the colony who find employment giving private lessons in English.

The sweat-shops, those modern slave-pens, furnish employment to the majority of the people, although peddling and cigar-making are also favorite occupations. The house generally consists of two or three rooms; for these they pay about seven dollars a month; but with all the struggling they generally manage to maintain a small bank account.

During the summer the people live on the streets as much as possible, escaping from their close and crowded quarters, and during the hot weather the variety of street life is perfectly bewildering—amid a confusion of push-carts filled with all manner of merchandise, swarms of children surrounding the ice-cream venders, the babel of strange tongues, a confusion of "ancient and fishlike smells," squalling babies, bawling hucksters, gossiping mothers, and strange business signs in Hebrew characters; venerable Shylocks with long beards, and greasy curls, or peahs, straggling down in front of their ears, worn in accordance with the law which says "Ye shall not cut round the corners of your heads," their strong features overcast by the timid and servile air which marks the long-suffering, ever-persecuted race, who now seem almost happy, even in these surroundings.

Little boys with pennies exchanging their wealth for small daubs of ice-cream on squares of brown paper, which they linger over in long-drawn licks of epicurean joy. Old married ladies who cover their own hair, or the remnants of it, with coarse brown wigs, not always straight and tidy. Highly colored drinks are dispensed in liberal quantities for a cent a glass through a hole in the bottom of a long-stemmed bottle, which then reposes peacefully in the pail of liquid refreshment, filling itself up for the next lucky man, while the proprietor of this simple labor-saving device loafs and invites his customer.

Small congregations gather for religious services on the Sabbath in rooms over stores or at the back of saloons. In the several more pretentious synagogues, however, the services are very interesting. The men occupy the main floor, wearing their hats, and all the married men and some of the confirmed boys also wearing the tallith, or shawl, with which the more devout envelop the face and head at times. The women occupy the gallery, where they are screened from the gaze of the men. There is an air of freedom about the services, the men coming and going, changing their seats or moving about during the chant. One sociable individual passes his highly perfumed snuff-box about among his neighbors, while another rises and crosses the aisle to ask for a pinch while it is going around.

The one redeeming feature of tenement life is the companionship which comes from close contact with sympathetic and congenial spirits, and this fellowship is so strong that it rises above many of the disadvantages and miseries of the crowded life.

Among the Jews there are many social and religious gatherings and feasts to brighten their lives. Their popular public bards, called "badchon," enliven their wedding and other festivities with verses composed extemporaneously. He rises, for instance, to give a toast to Mr. Berenstine, as follows:

"Ladies are not satisfied unless they have some candy,
And gentlemen are not right until they drink some brandy.
Let us, therefore, drink right here, of the brandy strong and fine,
And let us give a ringing cheer for Mr. Berenstine."

LIFE AND LETTERS

IT seems to me that no one who has been interested in the work of Mr. Brander Matthews can read the chapters of his current story on these pages without a perception of the very distinct advance he has made in them.

I.

I myself have always found a charming quality in whatever piece of his I have happened to take up: something that for want of a lexiconical adjective I may call a Brander Matthews quality; an effect of one of the nimblest minds among us; the grace of a spirit French rather than English in its neatness and alertness; the flash of a wit quite American in its audacity and amiability. He has touched a good many kinds, and has not failed to adorn any of them; but better than his apt and intelligent criticisms, his clever and brilliant essays, I believe I have liked his comedies, larger or lesser, for that humor, dashing, agile, and full of gayety of heart, which abounds in them. I thought that play of his which Mr. Crane gave a few winters ago (I forget the name) almost the most delightful American comedy I had seen; and I have just been reading his delightful farces, This Picture and That, and the Decision of the Court, with a renewed sense of his dramatic gift. These pieces all pay an allegiance to convention which makes them thoroughly theatricable; they put themselves on the stage as you read, and you perceive how the finest stroke in them will not be lost there, for whatever is finest in them is most obvious.

How entirely Mr. Matthews works in this sort from knowledge as well as instinct, one sees in his admirable Studies of the Stage, which are of the same temper of criticism as his Americanisms and Britticisms, and the other papers in the volume so called. His essays are the easy task of a wit who has read widely, and who is thoroughly equipped for his undertaking, but who does not think it necessary to offer all the proofs of his fitness. There is perhaps no lump of learning which his light spirit would not leaven, and he knows how to teach without boring.

It has been in fiction hitherto that I have feared for the effect of his most winning talent. He has seemed there to threaten me with the fantastic, when I hoped for the imaginative; and I do not know but now and then he has offered me caprice in the place of character. I have had to ask myself, Hasn't his knowledge of literature got the better of his knowledge of life at this point or at that? Will he be able to go forward in the light of the verity dear to his artistic conscience, or will he advance in the flicker of the tricksy fancy that amuses him? Is it to be Flaubert, or is it to be About?

I use names to typify the different tendencies which I conjectured in him; and since we have had both Flaubert and About, I am glad that it was not to be either, quite, though certainly more Flaubert than About. It was to be Brander Matthews in the fulfilment of his finest promise, and in the tradition of the American school known to us best perhaps in the recent work of Mr. Henry B. Fuller. It is somewhat perilous to speak of a story which has not yet reached its middle age; but I shall praise Mr. Matthews's serial only so far as the reader knows it, for it is known no farther to me. What I should like the reader to note in it is the close and firm texture of character, the fidelity of circumstance, the quiet truth of the local color. Here is a story which is apparently going to turn upon the fortunes of Wall Street (though for all I know it may be going to turn upon anything else), and I invite the reader to observe how far this Wall Street is from the Wall Street we have hitherto known in fiction. The types, the persons rather, introduced are of well-known American origins, with their origins fully suggested or discovered in their motives and actions. The author has divined and suggested, as no one else has done, that New York is hardly more and no less than the metropolitan expression of rural America. The sire is a country person of a former generation, the son a country person of this: schooled, tailored, mannered differently, but essentially of the same rustic stuff as the old people who call each other father and mother in their homely tenderness. The son's betrothed is a village girl, bred with the advantages of a college town, a gentle home and an atmosphere of refinement. These, and all the other characters of the story, so far as we know them, are set in the circumstance of a mighty city, to which they are alien but not unequal. Whatever the drama of their lives is to be, you feel sure that it will be chiefly in the evolution of their characters; in what is called out of them, not in what happens to them. There is the warrant for this belief in the treatment which they have already received at the hands of the author. So much of the virtue of art is tacit, that again I must touch the reader's shoulder and ask him to reflect how the people in this story have made themselves known to him, in

His Father's Son.

what they have themselves said, done, looked; and have not become known by what the author has said, done, or winked about them. In fact he has done nothing of this, and in his forbearance he has given the greatest proof of his mastery that he has yet shown.

Whether he will be able to keep his gait to the end remains to be seen; and I shall tremble a little as I turn to each new instalment, or lap, if we are to humor the figure farther. If he does, we shall have gained a novelist of true quality; if he does not, we shall still have a brilliant essayist, a fine critic, a charming dramatist, a delightful wit; and that is something. It is even a good deal. I may be disappointed, but I shall not be without this consolation.

II.

Æsthetic Principles. By Henry Rutgers Marshall. Macmillans.

I spoke just now of the virtue of art which is tacit; and perhaps I was speaking with an effect from an essay on Æsthetic Principles, which I have lately read, and which I find so very admirable that I should like to borrow from it a little more openly. In his closing chapter, which he devotes to Positive Principles, the author says, in treating of the merely decorative use of structural forms in architecture: "There rings out a false note in the scheme; there is a violation of our negative canon which tells us to *avoid untruth*."

I dare say this negative canon is the same as my notion of a tacit virtue, and that the avoidance of untruth is mainly the proof of an artist. Possibly it is more largely in this than in any other way that the truth is manifested and the joy of it imparted; for, as this author goes on to say, "untruth gives a shock that is fatal to beauty." In fact, the moment that you come upon the false, in book or in building, your pleasure is gone, and all the literary or architectural virtuosity will not recall it. It is for this reason that I cannot away with the romanticistic novel, which asks me to believe that something happened impossible in the circumstances supposed by the author. It is not merely my illusion that is spoiled, but my faith is undermined, and I cannot trust myself to the author; but in every fiction that is true to life, I not only keep my dream perfect, but I gain a friend who I feel cannot betray me.

III.

A very curious fact of this matter is something that I wish Mr. Marshall might have treated, and that is the extreme difficulty of avoiding untruth in art of any kind, or of simply keeping off the grass. It is almost as hard as not telling lies in the region of morals; and it is much more uncommon; for we find many good people who think it no harm to falsify in art, but who would abhor to do so in conduct.

However, this may be outside of Mr. Marshall's province of inquiry, and I am to thank him for what he has done there rather than ask that he shall do something more elsewhere. Within the bounds he has set himself he is extremely interesting, even when he is not instantly easy. He does not propose to do your thinking for you; but it is quite worth while to think along with him if you can. His essay, which has the dimensions of a small book, treats of Æsthetic Principles in successive chapters on the observer's stand-point, the artist's stand-point, the critic's stand-point, negative principles and positive principles. He rather hopes, I understand, that conditions of "pleasure-permanency," or that some "standard of the arts," as Burke calls it, may be established, and his speculations and observations alike tend in that direction; but I think the main advantage the reader will gain from his essay will be a specific delight from this or that reflection, and a general edification, rather than a final conviction. You need not have this in order to enjoy a bit of apt and accurate thinking, like that in reference to the "vivid elements of novelty which give the value to what we call the picturesque. We cannot use these means to gain æsthetic result unless we are able to turn away from their stimulation as soon as we begin to be weary. Hence we should avoid the use of the picturesque in our homes, and should deal most carefully with strong contrasts in the decoration of rooms in which we wish to live, or in buildings which one is compelled to view constantly."

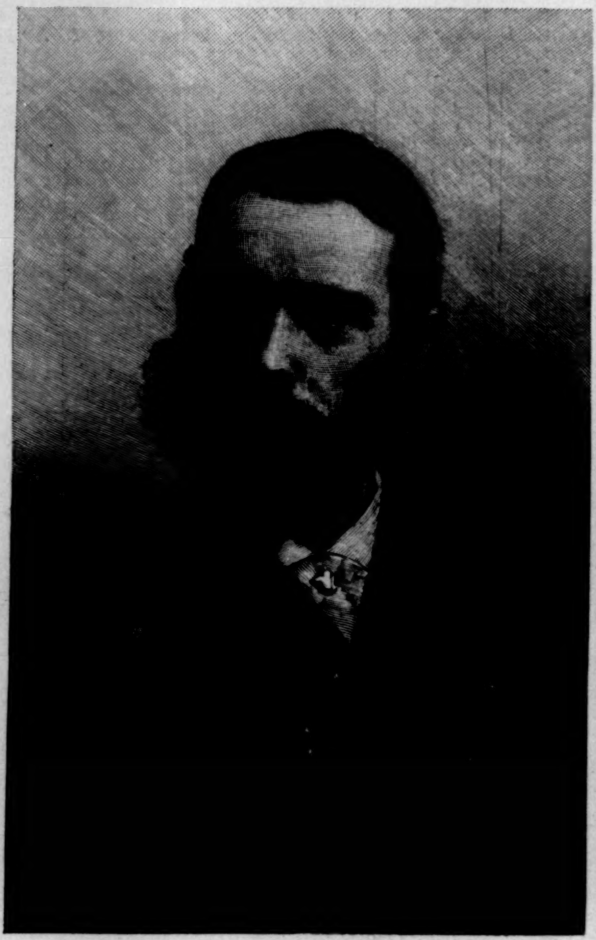
If this simple truth could have been realized before the craze for "household art," much sorrow and suffering might have been saved the race. Perhaps something of these might still be spared it if criticism could once profit by the instruction Mr. Marshall offers it in another place: "The belief that beauty is something absolute, which he has mastered, brings to many a man fulness of *ennui*, and leads many another to hopeless cynicism, when he finds that what he has learned to consider pre-eminently valuable begins to pall upon him. Such is the position which too many a critical mind reaches, and which would be avoided could the critic but look beyond the standard he himself has set, and take cognizance of the manner in which his own æsthetic field alters and develops as he grows in constitution of mind and life."

IV.

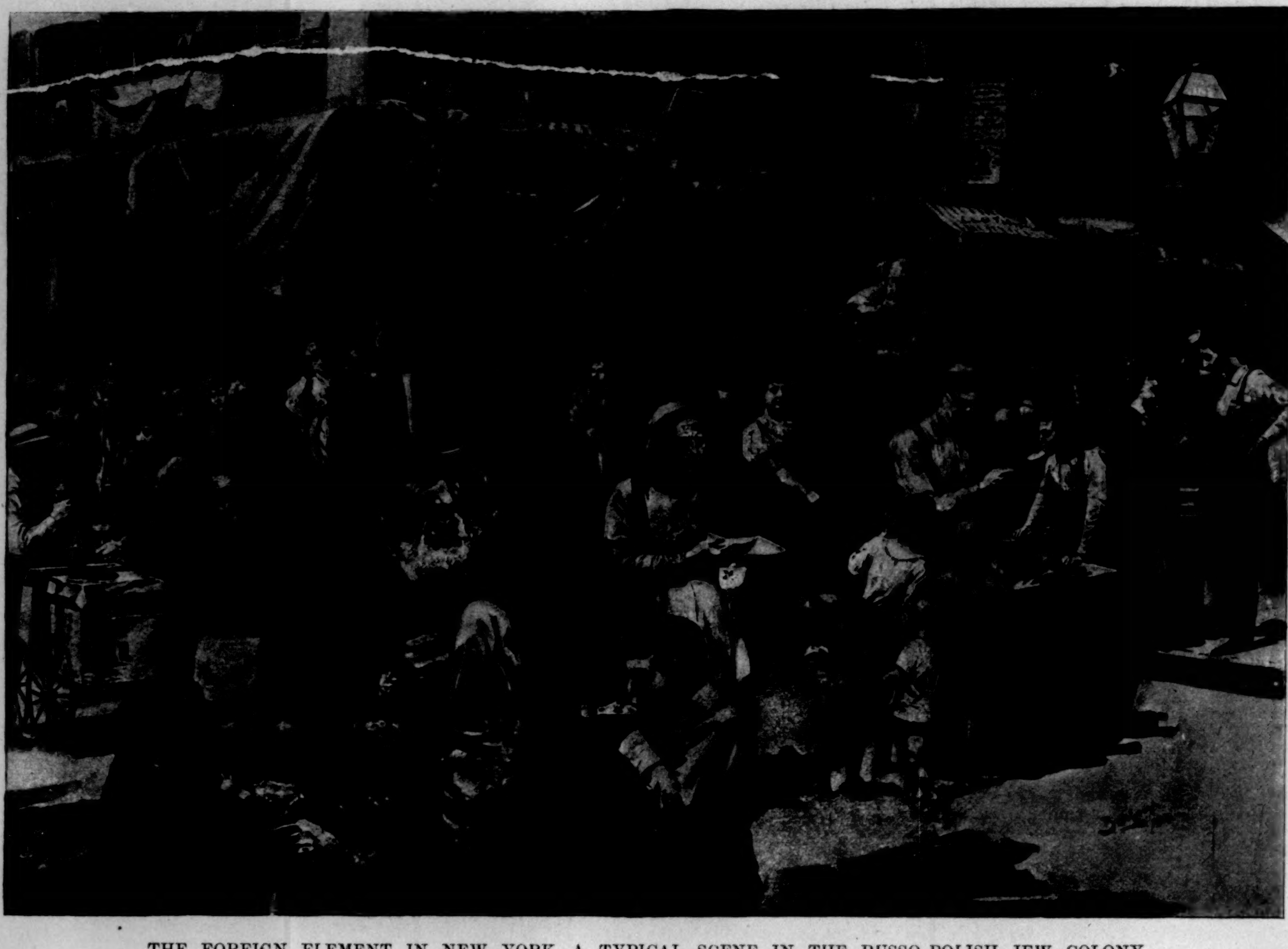
There seems, in fact, no "pleasure-permanency," no "standard of the arts" but that of truth in what offers itself as beauty. A painted woman, however prettily painted, is always ugly; and whatever is false is finally unpleasing. It can give joy only to inexperience and ignorance; but the truth is the pleasure-permanency, the standard of the arts, which outlasts all changes in the æsthetic field, and all growth and development of the mind. It is the touchstone which we must bring everything to at last, "for untruth gives a shock that is fatal to beauty."

It seems to me, then, that we put the cart before the horse when we go about to find out whether a thing is beautiful. We should first learn to recognize the truth; and if we perceive that a thing has the truth in it, we must somehow and in certain measure feel a beauty in it. I think the sense of truth has been so little cultivated, through the neglect of this vital principle of criticism, that most critics are wholly unqualified to say whether a thing is true, and consequently to know whether it is beautiful, in any of the arts, and above all in the literary art, which, with music, Mr. Marshall thinks of pre-eminent importance to-day, and destined to the greatest influence in the future.

W. D. Howells.



BRANDER MATTHEWS.



THE FOREIGN ELEMENT IN NEW YORK—A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE RUSSO-POLISH JEW COLONY.

Drawn by W. Bengough.—[See Page 725.]

"THE OLD CONQUEROR."

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. AGACHE, EXHIBITED IN THE CHAMP DE MARS SALON OF 1895.

This picture by Agache has been bought by the French government for the Luxembourg Museum. The title, coupled with the Latin inscription behind the figure, indicates the meaning amply. "For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him."

It is certain that in the mind of the painter the "Old Conqueror" did not apply alone to the conqueror by force of arms, but included as well such men as Laplace, Lavoisier, Newton, Edison, and Pasteur.

THE EXILED LOTTERY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

TWO years ago, while I was travelling through Texas, I asked a young man in the smoking-car if he happened to know where I could find the United States troops, who were at that time riding somewhere along the borders of Texas and Mexico, and engaged in suppressing the so-called Garza revolution.

The young man did not show that he was either amused or surprised at the abruptness of the question, but answered me promptly, as a matter of course, and with minute detail. "You want to go to San Antonio," he said, "and take the train to Laredo, on the Mexican boundary, and then change to the freight that leaves once a day to Corpus Christi, and get off at Pena station. Pena is only a water-tank, but you can hire a horse there and ride to the San Rosario Ranch. Captain Hardie is at Rosario with Troop G, Third Cavalry. They call him the Riding Captain, and if any one can show you all there is to see in this Garza outfit, he can."

The locomotive whistle sounded at that moment, the train bumped itself into a full stop at a station, and the young man rose. "Good-day," he said, smiling pleasantly; "I get off here."

He was such an authoritative young man, and he had spoken in so explicit a manner, that I did as he had directed; and if the story that followed was not interesting, the fault was mine, and not that of my chance adviser.

A few months ago I was dining alone in Delmonico's, when the same young man passed through the room, and stopped on his way out beside my table.

"Do you remember me?" he said. "I met you once in the smoking-car in Texas. Well, I've got a story now that's better than any you'll find lying around here in New York. You want to go to a little bay called Puerto Cortez, on the eastern coast of Honduras, in Central America, and look over the exiled Louisiana State Lottery there. It used to be the biggest gambling concern in the world, but now it's been banished to a single house on a mud bank covered with palm-trees, and from there it reaches out all over the United States, and sucks in thousands and thousands of dollars like a great octopus. You want to go there and write a story about it. Good-night," he added; then he nodded again, with a smile, and walked across the room and disappeared into Broadway.

When a man you have met once in a smoking-car interrupts you between courses to suggest that you are wasting your time in New York, and that you ought to go to a coral reef in Central America and write a story of an outlawed lottery, it naturally interests you, even if it does not spoil your dinner. It impressed me, at least, so much that I went back to my rooms at once, and tried to find Puerto Cortez on the map; and later, when the cold weather set in, and the grass-plots in Madison Square turned into piled-up islands of snow, surrounded by seas of slippery asphalt, I remembered the palm-trees, and went South to investigate the exiled lottery. That is how this story came to be written.

Every one who goes to any theatre in the United States may have read among the advertisements on the programme an oddly worded one, beginning, "Conrad! Conrad! Conrad!" and goes on to say that—

"In accepting the Presidency of the Honduras National Lottery Company (Louisiana State Lottery Company) I shall not surrender the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, of Bay St. Louis, Miss.

"Therefore address all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all business communications, to

"PAUL CONRAD, Puerto Cortez, Honduras,
"Care Central America Express,
"Fort Tampa City,
"Florida, U. S. A."

You have probably read this advertisement often, and enjoyed the naïf manner in which Mr. Conrad asks for correspondence on different subjects, especially on that relating to "all business communications," and how at the same time he has so described his whereabouts that no letters so addressed would ever reach his far-away home in Puerto Cortez, but would be promptly stopped at Tampa, as he means that they should.

After my anonymous friend had told me of Puerto Cortez, I read of it on the programme with a keener interest, and Puerto Cortez became to me a harbor of much mysterious moment, of a certain dark significance, and of possible adventure. I remembered all that the lottery had been before the days of its banishment, and all that it had dared to be when, as a corporation legally chartered by the State of Louisiana, it had put its chain and collar upon Legislatures and Senators, judges and editors, when it had silenced the voice of the church and the pulpit for many times together by great gifts of money to charities and hospitals, so giving out in a lump sum with one hand what it had taken from the people in dollars and half-dollars, five hundred and six hundred fold, with the other. I remembered when its trade-mark, in open-faced type, "La. S. L.," was as familiar in every newspaper in the United States as were the names of the papers themselves, when it had not been excommunicated by the Postmaster-General, and before it had had to hide its real purpose under a carefully worded paragraph in theatrical programmes or on "dodgers" or hand-bills that had an existence of a moment before they were swept out into the street, and which, as they were not sent through mails, were not worthy the notice of the Federal government.

It was not so very long ago that it requires any effort to remember it. It is only a few years since the lottery held its drawings freely and with much pomp and circumstance in the Charles Theatre, and Generals Beauregard and Early presided at these ceremonies, selling the names they had made glorious in a lost cause to help in what was, for the lottery people at least, distinctly a winning one. For in those days the State lottery cleared above all expenses seven million dollars a year, and Generals Beauregard and Early drew incomes from it much larger than the government paid to the judges of the Supreme Court and the members of the cabinet who finally declared against the company and drove it into exile. There had been many efforts made to kill it in the past, and the State lottery was called "the national disgrace" and "the modern slavery," and Louisiana was spoken of as a blot on the map of our country, as was Utah when polygamy flourished within her State lines and defied the laws of the Federal government. The final rally against the lottery occurred in 1890, when the lease of the company expired, and the directors applied to the Legislature for a renewal. At that time it was paying out but very little and taking in fabulous sums; how much it really made will probably never be told, but its gains were possibly no more exaggerated by its enemies than was the amount of its expenses by the company itself. Its outlay for advertising, for instance, which must have been one of its chief expenses, was only forty thousand dollars a year, which is a little more than a firm of soap manufacturers pay for their advertising for the same length of time; and it is rather discouraging to remember that for a share of this bribe every newspaper in the city of New Orleans and in the State of Louisiana, with a few notable exceptions, became an organ of the lottery, and said nothing concerning it but what was good. To this sum may be added the salaries of its officers, the money paid out in prizes, the cost of printing and mailing the tickets, and the sum of forty thousand dollars paid annually to the State of Louisiana. This tribute was considered as quite sufficient when the lottery was first started, and struggling as it was for ten years to make a living; but in 1890, when its continued existence was threatened, the company found it could very well afford to offer the State not forty thousand, but a million dollars a year, which throws a lurid light on what its net earnings must have been. As a matter of fact, in those palmy times when there were daily drawings, the lottery received on some days as many as eighteen to twenty thousand letters, with orders for tickets enclosed which averaged five dollars a letter.

It was Postmaster-General Wanamaker who put a stop to all this by refusing to allow any printed matter concerning the lottery to pass outside of the State of Louisiana, which decision, when it came, proved to be the order of exile to the greatest gambling concern of modern times.

The lottery, of course, fought this decision in the courts, and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and was upheld, and from that time no letter addressed to the lottery in this country, or known to contain matter referring to the lottery, and no newspaper advertising it, can pass through the mails. This ruling was known before the vote on the renewal of the lease came up in the Legislature of Louisiana, and the lottery people say that, knowing that they could not, under these new restrictions, afford to pay the sum of one million dollars a year, they ceased their efforts to pass the bill asking for a renewal of their lease, and let it go without a fight. This may or may not be true, but in any event the bill did not pass, and the greatest lottery of all times was without a place in which to spin its wheel, without a charter or a home, and cut off from the most obvious means of communication with its hundreds of thousands of supporters. But though it was excommunicated, outlawed, and exiled, it was not beaten; it still retained agents all over the country, and it still held its customers, who were only waiting to throw their money into its lap, and still hoping that the next drawing would bring the grand prize.

For some long time the lottery was driven about from pillar to post, and knocked eagerly here and there for admittance, seeking a home and resting-place for a headquarters, and it was not at first successful. Its first rebuff came from Mexico, where it had proposed to move its plant, but the Mexican government was greedy, and wanted too large a sum for itself, or, what is more likely, did not want so well-organized a rival to threaten the earnings of her own national lottery. Then the republics of Columbia and Nicaragua were each tempted with the honor of giving a name to the new company, but each declined that distinction, and so it finally came begging to Honduras, the least advanced of all of the Central American republics, and the most heavily burdened with debt. Honduras agreed to receive the exile, and to give it her name and protection for the sum of twenty thousand dollars a year and twenty per cent. of the gross earnings. It would seem that this to a country that has not paid the interest on her national debt for twelve years was a very advantageous bargain; but as four presidents and as many revolutions and governments have appeared and disappeared in the two years in which the lottery people have received their charter in Honduras, the benefit of the arrangement to them has not been an obvious one, and it was not until a year ago that the first drawing of the lottery was held at Puerto Cortez. The company celebrated this occasion with a pathetic imitation of its former pomp and ceremony, and there was much feasting and speech-making, and a special train was run from the interior to bring important natives to the ceremonies. But the train fell off the track four times, and was just a day late in consequence. The young man who had charge of the train told me this, and he also added that he did not believe in lotteries.

During these two years, when representatives of the company were taking rides of nine days each to the capital to overcome the objections of the new presidents who had sprung into office while these same representatives had been making their return trip to the coast, others were seeking a foothold for the company in the United States. The need of this was obvious and imperative. The necessity which had been forced upon them of holding the drawings out of this country, and of giving up the old name and trade-mark, was serious enough, though it had been partially overcome. It did not matter where they spun their wheel; but if the company expected to live, there must be some place where it could receive its mail and distribute its tickets other than the hot little Honduranian port, locked against all comers by quarantine for six months of the year, and only to be reached during the other six by a mail that arrives once every eight days.

The lottery could not entirely overcome this difficulty, of course, but through the aid of the express companies of this country it was able to effect a substitute, and through this cumbersome and expensive method of transportation its managers endeavored to carry on the business which in the days when the post-office helped them had brought them in twenty thousand letters in twenty-four hours. They selected for their base of operations in the United States the port of Tampa, in the State of Florida—that refuge of prize-fighters and home of unhappy Englishmen who have invested in the swamp-lands there, under the delusion that they were buying town sites and orange plantations, and which masquerades as a winter resort with a thermometer that not infrequently falls below freezing. So Tampa became their home; and though the Legislature of that State proved incorruptible, so the lottery people themselves tell me, there is at least an understanding between them and those in authority that the express company is not to be disturbed, and that no other lottery is to have a footing in Florida for many years to come.

If Puerto Cortez proved interesting when it was only a name on a theatre programme, you may understand to what importance it grew when it could not be found on the map of any steamship company in New York, and when no paper of that city advertised dates of sailing to that port. For the first time Low's Exchange failed me and asked for time, and the ubiquitous Cook & Sons threw up their hands, and offered in desperation and as a substitute a comfortable trip to upper Burmah or to Mozambique, protesting that Central America was beyond even their finding out. Even the Maritime Exchange confessed to a much more intimate knowledge of the west coast of China than of the little group of republics which lies only a three or four days' journey from the city of New Orleans. So I was forced to haunt the shipping offices of Bowling Green for days together, and convinced myself while so engaged that that is the only way properly to pursue the study of geography, and I advise every one to try it, and submit the idea respectfully to instructors of youth. For you will find that by the time you have interviewed fifty shipping clerks, and learned from them where they can set you down and pick you up and exchange you to a fruit-vessel or coasting steamer, you will have obtained an idea of foreign ports and distances which can never be gathered from flat maps or little revolving globes. I finally discovered that there was a line running from New York and another from New Orleans, the fastest steamer of which latter line, as I learned afterwards, was subsidized by the lottery people. They use it every month to take their representatives and clerks to Puerto Cortez, when, after they have held the monthly drawing, they steam back again to New Orleans or Tampa, carrying with them the list of winning numbers and the prizes.

It was in the boat of this latter line that I finally awoke one morning to find her anchored in the harbor of Puerto Cortez.

The harbor is a very large one and a very safe one. It is encircled by mountains on the sea-side, and by almost impenetrable swamps and jungles on the other. Close around the waters of the bay are bunches and rows of the cocoanut palm, and a village of mud huts covered with thatch. There is also a tin custom-house, which includes the railroad office and a comandancia, and this and the jail or barracks of rotting whitewashed boards, and the half-dozen houses of one story belonging to consuls and shipping agents, are the only other frame buildings in the place save one. That is a large mansion with broad verandas, painted in colors, and set in a carefully designed garden of rare plants and manaca palms. Two poles are planted in the garden, one flying the blue and white flag of Honduras, the other with the stripes and stars of the United States. This is the home of the exiled lottery. It is the most pretentious building and the cleanest in the whole republic of Honduras, from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific slope.

I confess that I was foolish enough to regard this house of magnificent exterior, as I viewed it from the wharf, as seriously as a general observes the ramparts and defences of the enemy before making his advance. I had taken a nine days' journey with the single purpose of seeing and getting at the truth concerning this particular building, and whether I was now to be viewed with suspicion and treated as an intruder, whether my object would be guessed at once and I should be forced to wait on the beach for the next steamer, or whether I would be received with kindness which came from ignorance of my intentions, I could not tell. And while I considered, a black Jamaica negro decided my movements for me. There was a hotel, he answered, doubtfully, but he thought it would be better, if Mr. Barross would let me in, to try for a room in the Lottery Building. "Mr. Barross sometimes takes boarders," he said, "and the Lottery Building is a fine house, sir—finest house this side Mexico city." He added, encouragingly, that he spoke English "very good," and that he had been in London.

Sitting on the wide porch of the Lottery Building was a dark-faced, distinguished-looking little man, a creole apparently, with white hair and white goatee. He rose and bowed as I came up through the garden and inquired of him if he was the manager of the lottery, Mr. Barross, and if he could give me food and shelter. The gentleman answered that he was Mr. Barross, and that he could and would do as I asked, and appealed with hospitable warmth to a tall handsome woman, with beautiful white hair, to support him in his invitation. Mrs. Barross assented kindly, and directed her servants to place a rocking-chair in the shade, and requested me to be seated in it; luncheon, she assured me, would be ready in a half-hour, and she hoped that the voyage South had been a pleasant one.

And so within five minutes after arriving in the mysterious harbor of Puerto Cortez I found myself at home under the roof of the outlawed lottery, and being particularly well treated by its representative, and feeling particularly uncomfortable in consequence. I was heartily sorry that I had not gone to the hotel. And so, after I had been in my room, I took pains to ascertain exactly what my position in the house might be, and whether or not, apart from the courtesy of Mr. Barross and his wife, for which no one could make return, I was on the same free footing that I would have been in a hotel. I was assured that I was regarded as a transient boarder, and that I was a patron rather than a guest; but as I did not yet feel at ease, I took courage, and explained to Mr. Barross that I was not a coffee-planter or a capitalist looking for a concession from the government, but that I was in Honduras to write of what I found there. Mr. Barross answered that he knew already why I was there from the New Orleans papers which had arrived in the boat with me, and seemed rather pleased than otherwise to have me about the house. This set my mind at rest, and though it may not possibly be of the least interest to the reader, it is of great importance to me that the same reader should understand that all I write here of the lottery was told to me by the lottery people themselves, with the full knowledge that I was going to pub-

lish it. And later, when I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Duprez, the late editor of the *States*, in New Orleans, and then in Tegucigalpa, as representative of the lottery, I warned him in the presence of several of our friends to be careful; as I would probably make use of all he told me. To which he agreed, and continued answering questions for the rest of the evening. I may also add that I have taken care to verify the figures used here, for the reason that the lottery people are at such an obvious disadvantage in not being allowed by law to reply to what is said of them, nor to correct any mistake in any statements that may be made to their disadvantage.

I had never visited a hotel or a country house as curious as the one presided over by Mr. Barross. It was entirely original in its decoration, unique in its sources of entertainment, and its business office, unlike most business offices, possessed a peculiar fascination. The stationery for the use of the patrons, and on which I wrote to innocent friends in the North, bore the letter-head of the Honduras Lottery Company; the pictures on the walls were framed groups of lottery tickets purchased in the past by Mr. Barross, which had *not* drawn prizes; and the safe in which the guest might place his valuables contained a large canvas bag sealed with red wax, and holding in prizes for the next drawing seventy-five thousand dollars.

Wherever you turned were evidences of the peculiar business that was being carried on under the roof that sheltered you, and outside in the garden stood another building, containing the printing-presses on which the lists of winning numbers were struck off before they were distributed broadcast about the world. But of more interest than all else was the long sunshiny empty room running the full length of the house, in which, on a platform at one end, were two immense wheels, one of glass and brass, and as transparent as a bowl of goldfish, and the other closely draped in a heavy canvas hood laced and strapped around it, and holding sealed and locked within its great bowels one hundred thousand paper tickets in one hundred thousand rubber tubes. In this atmosphere and with these surroundings my host and hostess lived their life of quiet conventional comfort—a life full of the lesser interests of every day, and lighted for others by their most gracious and kindly courtesy and hospitable good-will. When I sat at their table I was always conscious of the great wheels, showing through the open door from the room beyond like skeletons in a closet; but it was not so with my host, whose chief concern might be that our glasses should be filled, nor with my hostess, who presided at the head of the table—which means more than sitting there—with that dignity and charm which is peculiar to a Southern woman, and which made dining with her an affair of state, and not one of appetite.

I had come to see the working of a great gambling scheme, and I had anticipated that there might be some difficulty put in the way of my doing so; but if the lottery plant had been a cider-press in an orchard I could not have been more welcome to examine and to study it and to take it to pieces. It was not so much that they had nothing to conceal, or that now, while they are fighting for existence, they would rather risk being abused than not being mentioned at all. For they can fight abuse; they have had to do that for a long time. It is silence and oblivion that they fear now; the silence that means they are forgotten, that their arrogant glory has departed, that they are only a memory. They can fight those who fight them, but they cannot fight with people who, if they think of them at all, think of them as already dead and buried. It was neither of these reasons that gave me free admittance to the workings of the lottery; it was simply that to Mr. and Mrs. Barross the lottery was a religion; it was the greatest charitable organization of the age, and the purest philanthropist of modern times could not have more thoroughly believed in his good works than did Mrs. Barross believe that noble and generous benefits were being bestowed on mankind at every turn of the great wheel in her back parlor.

This showed itself in the admiration which she shares with her husband for the gentlemen of the company; their coming once a month is an event of great moment to Mrs. Barross, who must find it dull sometimes, in spite of the great cool house, with its many rooms and broad porches, and gorgeous silk hangings over the beds, and the clean linen and airy sunlit dining-room. She is much more interested in telling the news that the gentlemen brought down with them when they last came than in the result of the drawing, and she recalls the compliments they paid her garden, but she cannot remember the number that drew the capital prize. It was interesting to find this big gambling scheme in the hands of two such simple, kindly people, and to see how commonplace it was to them, how much a matter of routine and of habit. They sang its praises if you wished to talk of it, but they were more deeply interested in the lesser affairs of their own household. And at one time we ceased discussing it to help try on the baby's new boots that had come on the steamer with myself, and patted them on the place where the heel should have been to drive them on the extremities of two waving fat legs. We all admired the tassels which hung from them, and which the baby tried to pull off and put in his mouth. They were bronze boots with black buttons, and the first the baby had ever worn, and the event filled the home of the exiled lottery with intense excitement.

In the cool of the afternoon Mr. Barross sat on the broad porch rocking himself in a big bent-wood chair and talked of the civil war, in which he had taken an active part, with that enthusiasm and detail with which only a Southerner ever speaks of it, not knowing that to this generation in the North it is history, and something of which one reads in books, and is not a topic of conversation of as fresh interest as the fall of Tammany or the Japanese war. And as we listened we watched Mrs. Barross moving about among her flowers with a sunshade above her white hair and holding her train in her hand, stopping to cut away a dead branch or to pluck a rose or to turn a bud away from the leaves so that it might get the sun.

And inside, young Barross was going over the letters which had arrived with the morning's steamer, emptying out the money that came with them on the table, filing them away, and noting them as carefully and as methodically as a bank clerk, and sealing up in return the little green and yellow tickets that were to go out all over the world, and which had been paid for by clerks on small salaries, laboring-men of large families, idle good-for-nothings, visionaries, born gamblers and ne'er-do-wells, and that multitude of others of this world who want something for nothing, and who trust that a turn of luck will accomplish for them what they are too listless and faint-hearted and lazy ever to accomplish for themselves. It would be an excellent thing for each of these gamblers if he could look in at the great wheel at Puerto Cortez, and see just what one hundred thousand tickets look like, and what chance his one atom of a ticket has of forcing its way to the top of that great mass at the exact moment that the capital prize rises to the surface in the other wheel. He could have seen it in the old days at the Charles Theatre, and he is as free as is any one to see it to-day at Puerto Cortez; but I should think it would be unfortunate for the lottery if any of its customers became too thorough a student of the doctrine of chances.

The room in which the drawings are held is about forty feet long, well lighted by many long wide windows, and with the stage upon which the wheels stand blocking one end. It is unfurnished, except for the chairs and benches, upon which the natives or any chance or intentional visitors are welcome to sit and to watch the drawing. The larger wheel, which holds, when all the tickets are sold, the hopes of one hundred thousand people, is about six feet in diameter, with sides of heavy glass, bound together by a wooden tire two feet wide. This tire or rim is made of staves, formed like those of a hogshead, and in it is a door a foot square. After the tickets have been placed in their little rubber jackets and shovelled into the wheel, this door is locked with a padlock, and strips of paper are pasted across it and sealed at each end, and so it remains until the next drawing. One hundred thousand tickets in rubber tubes an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide take up a great deal of space, and make such an appreciable difference in the weight of the wheel that it requires the efforts of two men pulling on the handles at either side to even budge it. Another man and myself were quite satisfied when we had put our shoulders to it and had succeeded in turning it a foot or two. But it was interesting to watch the little black tubes with even that slow start go slipping and sliding down over the others, leaving the greater mass undisturbed and packed together at the bottom as a wave sweeps back the upper layer of pebbles on a beach. This wheel was manufactured by Jackson & Sharp, of Wilmington, Delaware. The other wheel is much smaller, and holds the prizes. It was made by John Robinson, of Baltimore.

Whenever there is a drawing, General W. L. Cabell, of Texas, and Colonel C. J. Villere, of Louisiana, who have taken the places of the late General Beauregard and of the late General Early, take their stand at different wheels, General Cabell at the large and Colonel Villere at the one holding the prizes. They open the doors which they had sealed up a month previous, and into each wheel a little Indian girl puts her hand and draws out a tube. The tube holding the ticket is handed to General Cabell, and the one holding the prize won is given to Colonel Villere, and they read the numbers aloud and the amount won six times, three times in Spanish and three times in English, on the principle probably of the man in the play who had only one line, and who spoke that twice, "so that the audience will know I am saying it."

The two tickets are then handed to young Barross, who fastens them together with a rubber band, and throws them into a basket for further reference. Three clerks with duplicate books keep tally of the numbers and of the prizes won. The drawing begins generally at six in the morning and lasts until ten, and then, everybody having been made rich, the philanthropists and generals and colonels and Indian girls—and, let us hope, the men who turned the wheel—go in to breakfast.

So far as I could see, the drawings are conducted with fairness. But with only 3434 prizes and 100,000 tickets, the chances are so infinitesimal and the advantage to the company so enormous that honesty in manipulating the wheel ceases to be a virtue, and becomes the lottery's only advertisement.

But what is most interesting about the lottery at present is not whether it is or it is not conducted fairly, but that it should exist at all; that its promoters should be willing to drag out such an existence at such a price and in so fallen a state. This becomes all the more remarkable because the men who control the lottery belong to a class which, as a rule, cares for the good opinion of its fellows, and is willing to sacrifice much to retain it. But the lottery people do not seem anxious for the good opinion of any one, and they have made such vast sums of money in the past, and they have made it so easily, that they cannot release their hold on the geese that are laying the golden eggs for them, even though they find themselves exiled and excommunicated by their own countrymen. If they were thimble-riggers or confidence men in need of money their persistence would not appear so remarkable, but these gentlemen of the lottery are men of enormous wealth, their daughters are in what is called society in New Orleans and in New York, their sons are at the universities, and they themselves belong to those clubs most difficult of access. One would think that they had reached that point when they could say "we are rich enough now, and we can afford to spend the remainder of our lives in making ourselves respectable." Becky Sharp is authority for the fact that it is easy to be respectable on as little as five hundred pounds a year, but these gentlemen, having many hundreds of thousands of pounds, are not even willing to make the effort. Two years ago, when, according to their own account, they were losing $40,000 a month, and which, after all, is only what they once cleared in a day, and when they were being driven out of one country after another, like the cholera or any other disease, it seems strange that it never occurred to them to stop fighting, and to get into a better business while there was yet time.

Even the keeper of a roulette wheel has too much self-respect to continue turning when there is only one man playing against the table, and in comparison with him the scramble of the Lottery Company after the Honduranian tin dollar, and the scant savings of servant-girls and of brakesmen and negro barbers in the United States, is to me the most curious feature of this once great enterprise.

What a contrast it makes with those other days, when the Charles Theatre was filled from boxes to gallery with the "flower of Southern chivalry and beauty," when the band played, and the major-generals proclaimed the result of the drawings. It is hard to take the lottery seriously, for the day when it was worthy of abuse has passed away. And, indeed, there are few men or measures so important as to deserve abuse, while there is no measure if it is for good so insignificant that it is not deserving the exertion of a good word or a line of praise and gratitude.

And the only emotion one can feel for the lottery now is the pity which you might have experienced for William M. Tweed when, as a fugitive from justice, he sat on the beach at Santiago de Cuba and watched a naked fisherman catch his breakfast for him beyond the first line of breakers, or that you might feel for Monte Carlo were it to be exiled to a fever-stricken island off the swampy coast of West Africa, or, to pay the lottery a very high compliment indeed, that which you give to that noble adventurer exiled to the Isle of Elba.

There was something almost pathetic to me in the sight of this great arrogant gambling scheme, that had in its day brought the good name of a State into disrepute, that had boasted of the prices it paid for the honor of men, and that had robbed a whole nation willing to be robbed, spinning its wheel in a back room in a hot, half-barbarous country, and to an audience of gaping Indians and unwashed Honduranian generals. Sooner than fall as low as that it would seem to be better to fall altogether; to own that you are beaten, that the color has gone against you too often, and, like that honorable gambler and gentleman, Mr. John Oakhurst, who "struck a streak of bad luck about the middle of February, 1864," to put a pistol to your head, and go down as arrogantly and defiantly as you had lived.

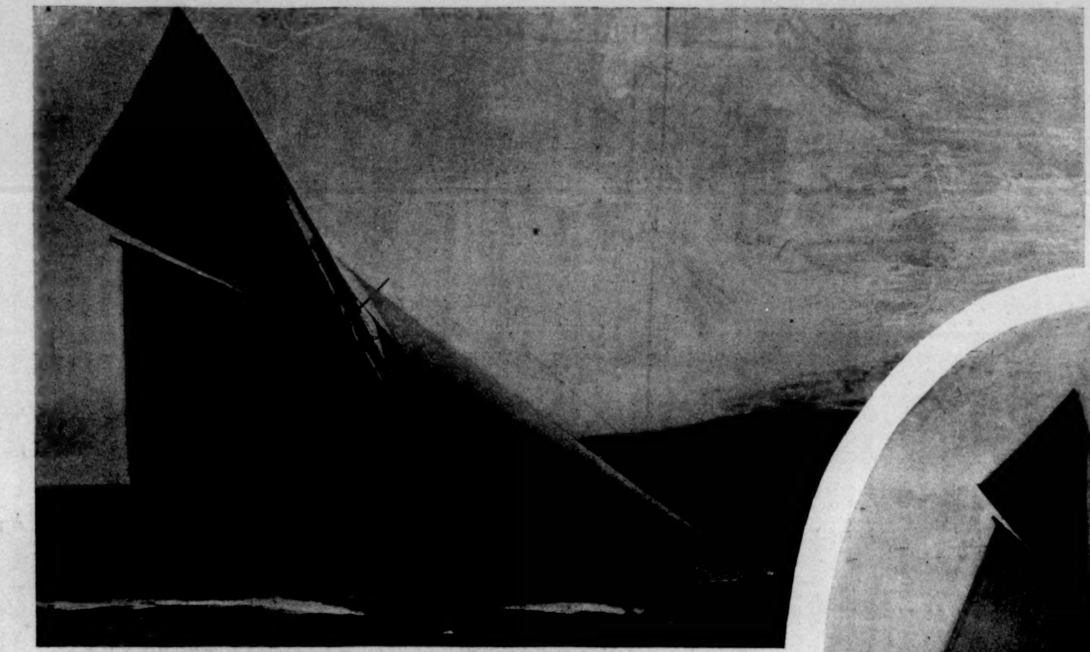
THE MAN WHO KILLED THE LOTTERY.

Professor S. H. Woodbridge, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to whom perhaps more than to any other one person the lottery business owes its death-blow, was born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on December 26, 1848. He is a descendant of the Rev. John Woodbridge, a Puritan preacher, who came to this country in 1630, and became the first minister in Newbury, now Newburyport, Massachusetts. At Williams College, where he received his academic education, Professor Woodbridge exhibited traits of leadership and an ability for organization and aggressive effort which made him a young man of mark. He was identified throughout his student life with all the religious and moral activities of the college, at one time being chiefly instrumental in quelling a rebellion among the undergraduates, and at another raising from the alumni enough money to build a parsonage for the resident minister in the noted White Oaks missionary parish.

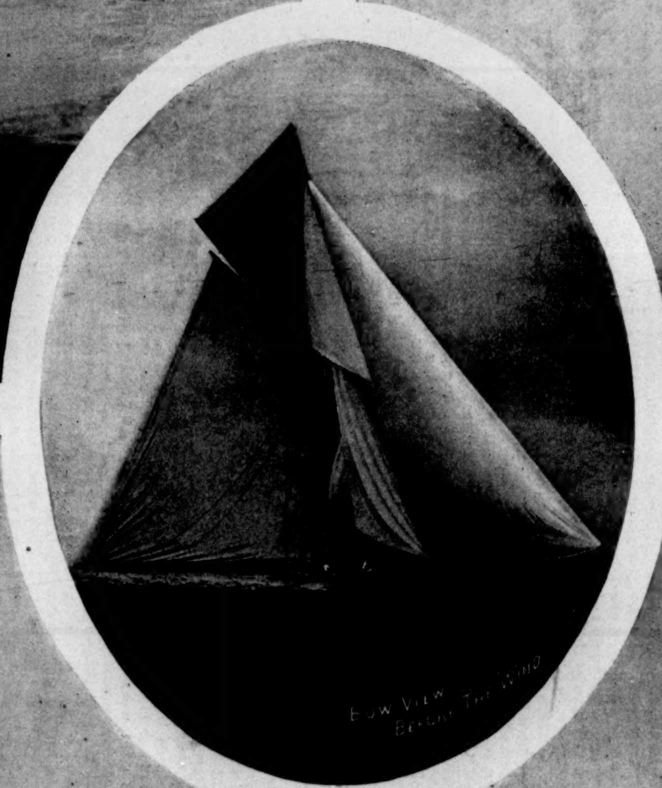
PROFESSOR S. H. WOODBRIDGE.

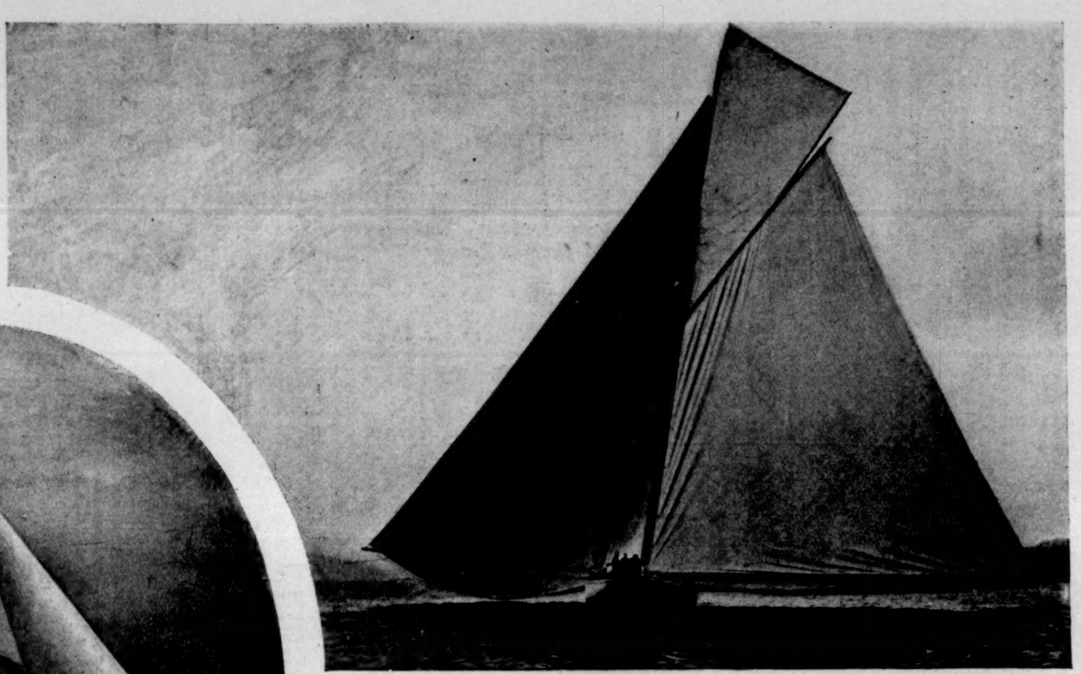
On leaving college, it was Professor Woodbridge's purpose to become a general teacher of physics, but an accident turned his attention to the subjects of heating and ventilation, and his reputation as an expert presently won for him a chair in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as an instructor in these branches. Falling ill, and losing for a season the use of his eyes, he became deeply interested in what friends read to him of the struggle in Louisiana to rid that State of the lottery curse. He co-operated with the managers of the original anti-lottery campaign; but when that was ended by the exclusion of all lottery matter from the mails, he discovered that it would be necessary to close other avenues of advertisement and correspondence also. Accordingly in the early days of 1894 he organized the movement which ended only at five minutes before noon on the 4th of last March. It was a fine example of what can be accomplished in the face of appalling odds by one determined and tireless agitator. Professor Woodbridge trusted nothing to other hands which his own could do; and the last night of the last session of the Fifty-third Congress he passed in the Senate gallery, encouraging by his presence the twelve hours' siege which Senator Hoar, in spite of ill health and exhaustion from overwork, was conducting on the floor.

After the close of the session, Professor Woodbridge was called in to examine the defective ventilating appliances in the halls of Congress, and to report plans for their permanent improvement. He is still engaged in this work.

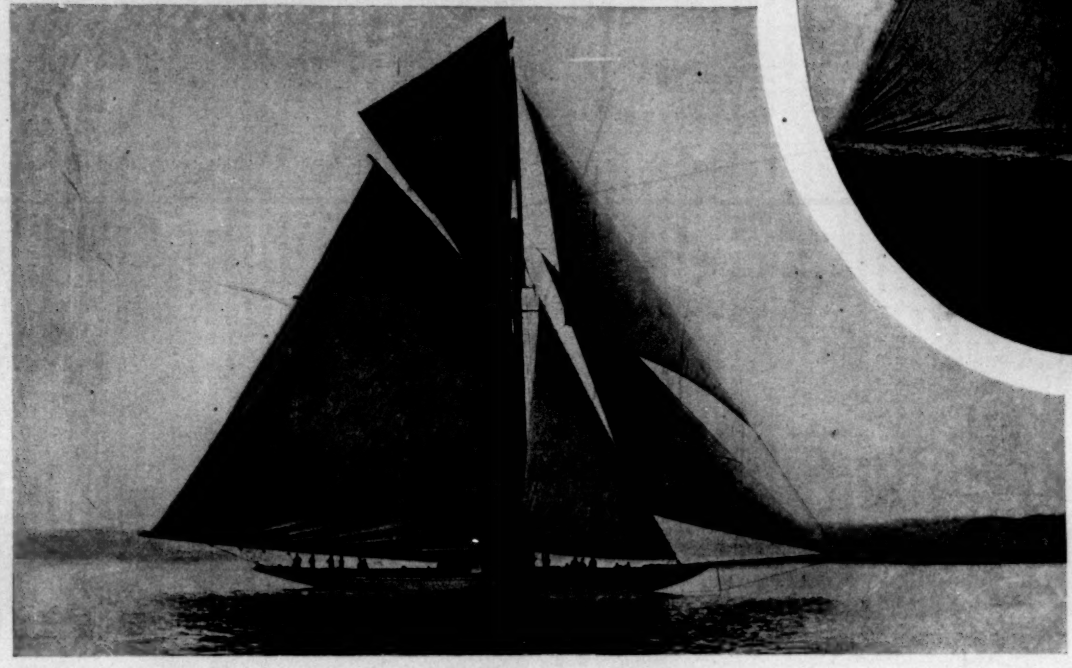


THE HEAVY WAKE LEFT IN BEATING TO WINDWARD.

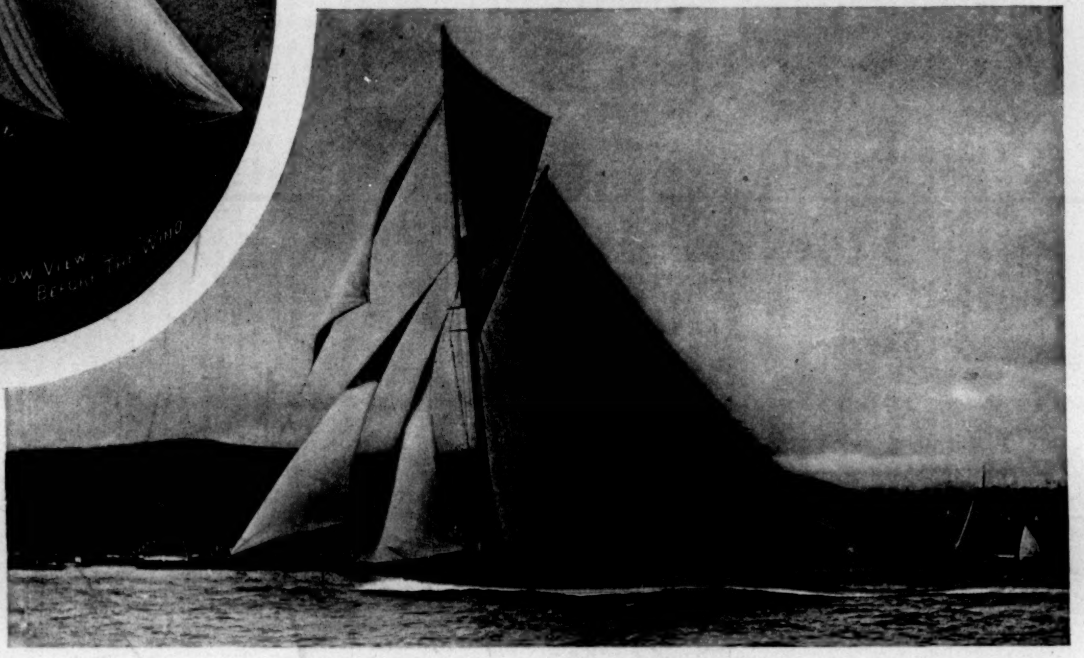




STERN VIEW BEFORE THE WIND.

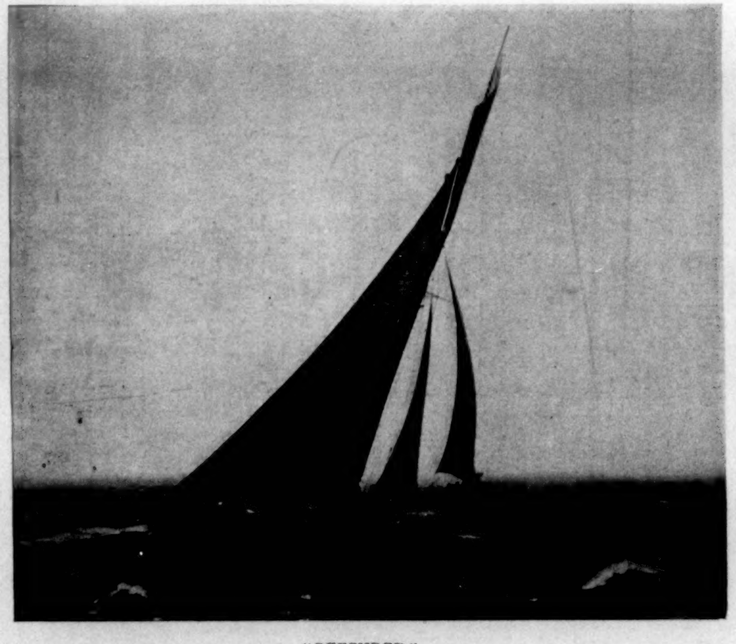


CLOSE-HAULED IN LIGHT WEATHER.

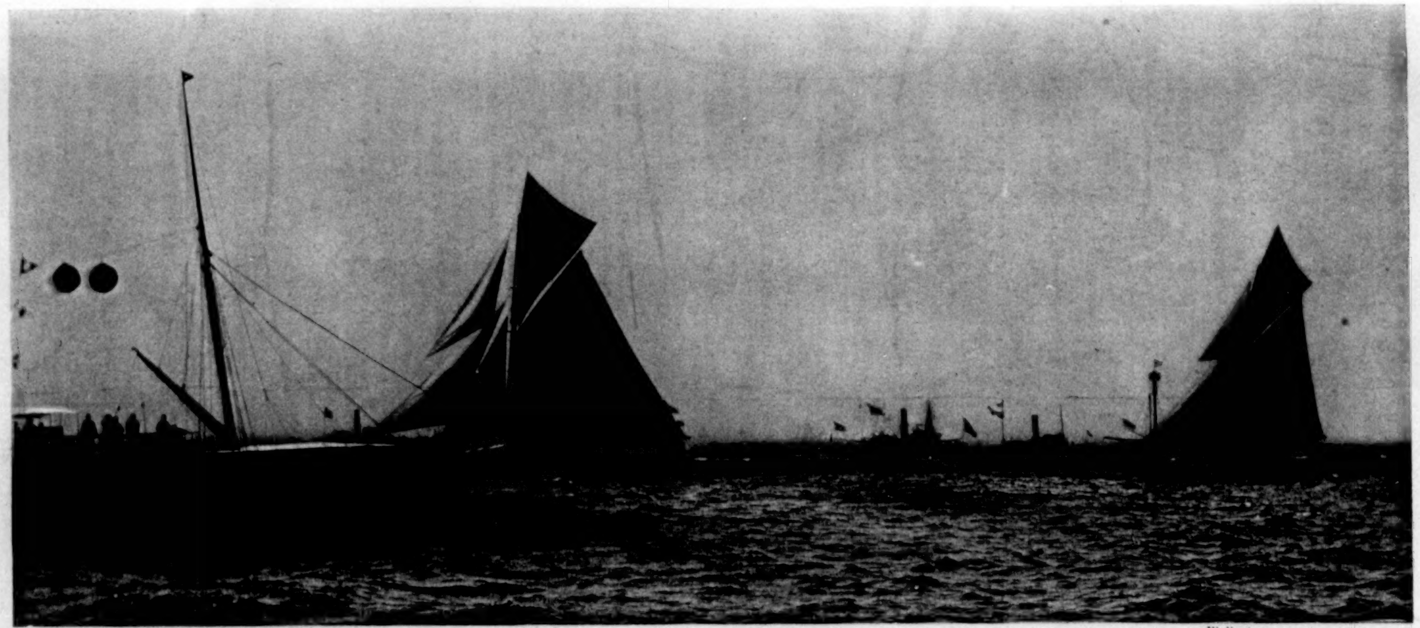


REACHING WITH SHEETS A LITTLE STARTED.

THE ENGLISH CHALLENGER, "VALKYRIE III."

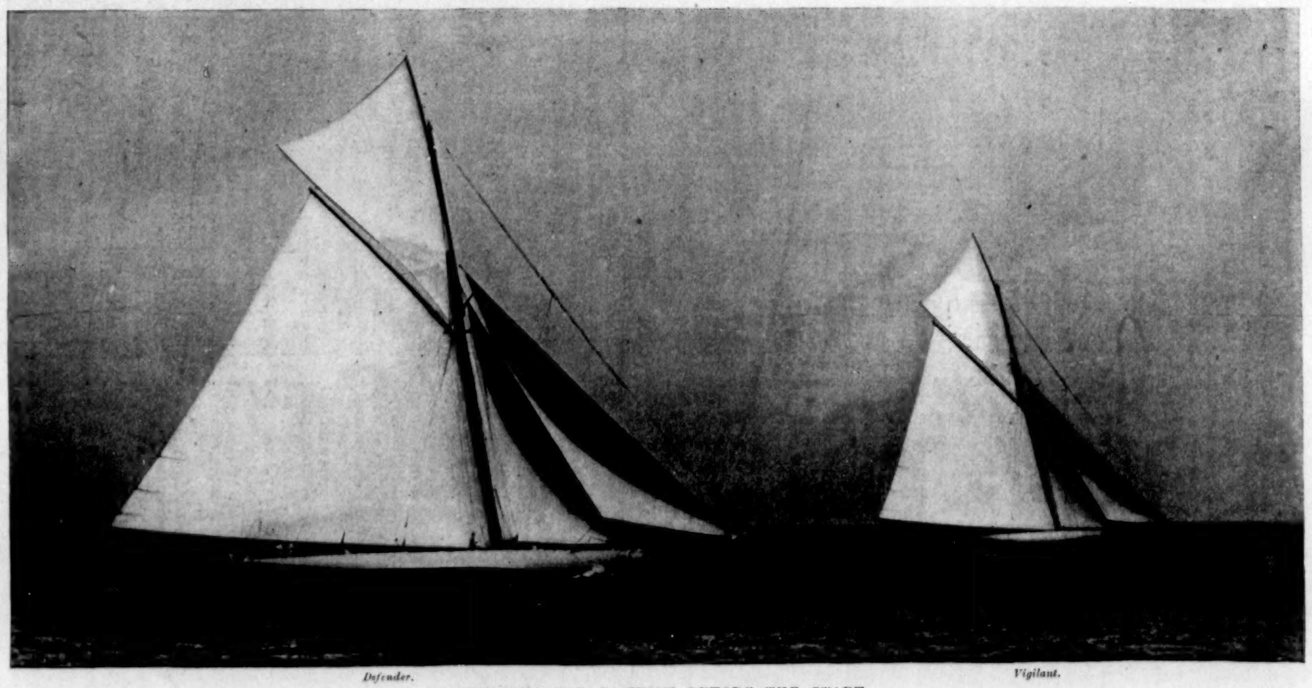


"DEFENDER."



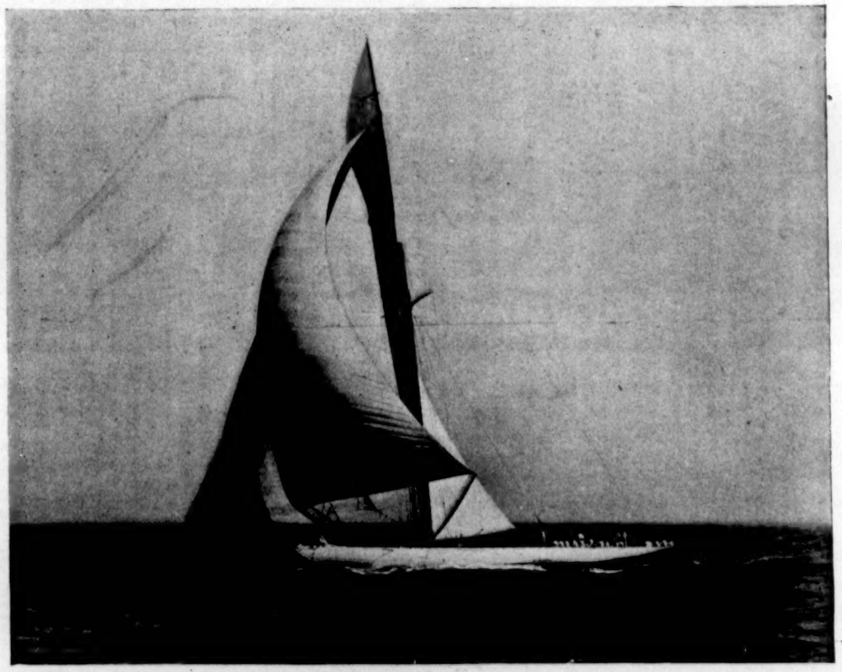
Commodore Brown's Flag-ship *Sylvia*. *Defender*. *Vigilant*.

THE START.



Defender. *Vigilant*.

MANŒUVRING FOR POSITION BEFORE THE START.



"DEFENDER" RUNNING HOME.

"DEFENDER" AND "VIGILANT" IN THE RACE OF JULY 20, 1895.

THE COMING CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.—[SEE PAGE 732.]

"VALKYRIE" AND "DEFENDER."

In view of the incalculable benefits to American yachting which arose directly from the construction and successful racing of the Cup-defender of 1885, *Puritan*, at a total expense of some $30,000, it might reasonably be expected that the expenditure of at least six times that sum ten years later would result in something like a proportionate gain. So rapid and extreme, however, has been the development of a decade in yacht-racing, that it has produced in both defender and challenger a type of yacht from which little good can be looked for. It is not many years since the chosen craft of each nation in the races for the *America's* Cup represented the highest development of the national type, while the coming together of the two yachts resulted in mutual improvement in the craft of the next season. This condition of things has now ceased to exist, and the challenger and defender of 1895 represent nothing more than the ideas of two designers as to the fastest possible yacht under certain fixed and very limited conditions.

These conditions call for the winning of three races out of a series of five, with yachts of 90 feet water-line and no limit in other details, though the sail area is a factor with the water-line length in determining the time allowance. These races are to be sailed within a radius of 20 miles of Sandy Hook, the common weather conditions being a light to moderate wind and a smooth sea—a provision that the courses of 30 nautical miles must be sailed in six hours being intended to insure a speed of at least five miles per hour. Other minor conditions exist, due to the terms of the Deed of Gift under which the Cup is held, and to agreement between the two parties, all of which are carefully considered by the two designers of the competing yachts.

Since the building of *Thistle*, in 1887, each side has devoted itself less to the production of a representative of the national types than to the building of a successful boat under the existing conditions; but this year they have gone further in the designing of most expensive and elaborate racing-machines for the Sandy Hook course, regardless of cost, accommodation, durability, or conversion to any useful purpose after the Cup races are over. In this work the initiative rests with the challenger, and his yacht, now on the Atlantic, bound for New York, demands the first attention. The designer of *Valkyrie III.*, Mr. George Lennox Watson, of Glasgow, comes to the task with the experience of two previous contests, having designed *Thistle* in 1887 and *Valkyrie II.* in 1893, besides a first *Valkyrie* in 1889, whose challenge was not accepted by the holders of the Cup. *Valkyrie II.*, like her twin sister, *Britannia*, was designed for the regular British racing, and later in the season to sail off Sandy Hook. The two may be considered as of the most advanced type of British racing-yacht, *Britannia* having sailed with wonderful success for three seasons in British waters and the Mediterranean. *Valkyrie II.* was a wide and deep cutter, planned in part for Sandy Hook, but it is known now that the changes in trim made after her home racing to meet the lighter conditions of American weather did her positive harm.

In the new yacht, with both *Valkyrie II.* and *Britannia* to guide him, Mr. Watson has thrown aside all thoughts of the Clyde races and the Y. R. A. rule, and has studied solely the waters off Sandy Hook and the rule of the New York Yacht Club. The true point of distinction between challenger and defender in the previous races has been, not, as most people suppose, the centreboard and the keel, but the possession by the always successful defender of power, she carrying most ably a very large sail-plan, while the challenger has suffered defeat through a smaller sail-plan carried at a less effective angle. The lesson had become too plain to be longer neglected, and this time Mr. Watson has taken a greater beam than in any British yacht, 26 feet on a water-line of 90 feet, and a sail-plan so much larger than those of the American yachts of 1893 as to make it unlikely that it would be much exceeded by the new defender.

The experience derived from *Britannia* and *Valkyrie II.* has led him to take a little greater proportionate draught, about 18 feet 6 inches, for the sake of the stability derived from a very low lead keel, as well as to insure an adequate lateral plane for windward work, there being, of course, no centreboard. The whole trend of modern designing of late years has been in the direction of the fin-keel for speed, shown in the larger yachts by the hollowing of the floors where the body of the boat thins down into the keel, thus reducing the displacement and raising the centre of buoyancy.

Following out his work in smaller craft, such as the 40-rater *Carina* of last year, Mr. Watson has gone as close to the fin-keel in model as the desired construction would admit.

His dimensions, then, are 90 feet water-line, 26 feet beam, and something over 18 feet draught, with a midship section wider at the deck and hollowed much more in the floors than in *Britannia* and *Valkyrie II.* For the rest he has followed his characteristic methods. The whole model of the new boat shows the familiar Watson curves and the graceful form found alike in the narrow *Madge* and *Doris*, the wider *Yarana* and *Queen Mab*, and in *Britannia* and *Valkyrie II.* With such a beam and sail spread as experience has proved to be necessary for the Cup races at New York, he has still retained the strong individuality which marks all of his older boats.

The construction of this last yacht is in no way radical, but merely the familiar construction of *Yarana*, *Lethe*, *Britannia*, *Valkyrie I.* and *II.*, *Carina*, *Deerhound*, and scores of other yachts—the Clyde composite system. The keel, stem, and stern-post are of oak and elm, the frames are of a very strong alloy, nickel-steel, braced and strapped by stringers and angles of the same metal in the most ingenious manner, the outside planking being of teak and elm. While the advance in size and power from *Britannia* to *Valkyrie III.* is in itself an experiment in construction, the strains being much greater and the necessity for saving weight quite as pressing, the composite construction cannot be considered as an experiment, having been perfected by over thirty years of test. The ratio of ballast to displacement, a vital point in a racing-yacht, is probably quite as high in *Valkyrie III.* as in any previous craft, considering the size of her spars and the form of her hull. The numerous details of rigging, gear, and minor fittings have been worked out with the utmost care after two years of experience and observation on both sides of the ocean. The sails, after those seen on *Valkyrie II.* in 1893, it is safe to assume, will be of the best.

Long engrossed in the designing of high-speed steam-craft, the experience of Mr. Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island, in modern sailing-yachts has been comparatively brief, his return to this branch of designing beginning with the 46-foot *Gloriana* in 1891. In these four seasons, however, it has included a great number of successful craft—*Wasp*, *Alpha*, *Handsel*, *Wenonah*, *Dacotah*, *Meneen*, *Wee Winn*, up to *Vigilant*, the successful defender of 1893—the list including all types, from the wide skimming-dish to the narrower fin-keels. This experience was greatly broadened last year, when Mr. Herreshoff accompanied *Vigilant* to Scotland, and sailed her unsuccessfully against *Britannia*, *Valkyrie II.* being unfortunately wrecked before she could be tried in new trim.

When called on this year to meet the then unknown challenger in the races off Sandy Hook, from the wide range of craft within his personal experience Mr. Herreshoff selected not the successful *Vigilant* nor the promising *Colonia*, but the extreme fin-keel, as yet untried by him save in smaller classes. On the given water-line of 90 feet, an increase of 5 feet over *Vigilant*, he chose a beam of but 23 feet 2 inches, as compared with her 26 feet, while in draught he went to the unknown extreme of 19 feet. The midship section of the new boat is unlike any of the older Herreshoff craft, the narrow beam and great draught of the smaller fins being joined by a fair and continuous curve from keel to deck, the angle between bottom and fin in the extreme fin-keel being filled by an easy sweep. In details of construction, the steel frames being continuous from keel to deck, the yacht is of the normal build of deep keel or centreboard craft, but in principle she is strictly a bulb-fin-keel, the same as *Dakotah*, *Niagara*, and *El Chico*.

With this radical difference of midship section, the new *Defender* shows an equally marked departure from *Vigilant* and *Colonia* in her sheer plan: the older boats carried a very long and straight keel, almost parallel with the water-line—an advantage in running, but making them notably slow in manœuvring. The second *Valkyrie*, with a short keel and extreme rake of stern-post, almost a triangle below water, could be turned almost as quickly and easily as a bicycle—as events proved, a very important advantage in such duels as now govern the destinies of the Cup. The new *Defender* is also cut away to an extreme degree, the keel being short and well rounded up, while the stern-post rakes very much.

These departures from his established models are certainly radical enough; but they are emphasized by the general character of the model. The main motive of Mr. Herreshoff in all his older boats, notably in *Wasp*, *Gloriana*, and *Vigilant*, has been the use of extremely round and full lines, fore and aft and transversely, giving a model of great power at the expense of a beauty of form which is by no means superficial, but which may add materially to the speed of a yacht. Under the conditions of American weather and racing rules, it has generally paid in the past to build what is called by yachtsmen a "brute" of powerful form and great sail area, the victory of a boat of fair and easy form and small sail area, such as the Scotch forty-footer *Minerva*, being the notable exception. It is then most interesting to note that in this supreme effort Mr. Herreshoff has selected a moderate beam, and drawn the lines of his design with a regard for form and fairness which is anything but characteristic of his former work. There can be no doubt that he has been influenced by *Britannia* and *Valkyrie II.*; the bow of the new *Defender* as seen side by side with *Vigilant*, or even *Colonia*, shows it most unmistakably.

Extreme as is the form of the new boat, her construction is no less remarkable and novel. Unlike Mr. Watson, Mr. Herreshoff has not been content with a presumed improvement of design and a conventional and tried construction, but has carried to an extreme a purely experimental construction. Starting with a lead keel of about 85 tons, a piece of metal 35 feet long, 5 feet 6 inches deep, and 3 feet through at the centre, the keel-plate is a casting of brass, in three sections, bolted together by flanges, the whole bolted with bronze lag-screws to the lead keel. The stem and stern-post are also cast in brass and bolted to the brass keel-plate, while to flanges on the upper side of this plate are riveted the heels of the frames and the floor-plates, all of steel. The outer plating is of manganese-bronze about three-sixteenths of an inch thick up to a little above the water-line, the top sides being plated with aluminum of one-quarter to three-sixteenths of an inch thick. With this all-metal construction some of the straps of the composite method are dispensed with, but, like *Valkyrie III.*, the interior of the hull is strengthened with diagonal and vertical braces from deck to bilge in a manner previously unknown in yacht-building. An alloy of aluminum, much stronger than the pure metal, has been used within for some of the deck beams and for various straps and braces, and aluminum in one form or another has been liberally utilized. Should this construction prove amply strong, it will give great stability, through a large percentage of ballast and a very low centre of gravity.

The sail area of *Defender* is as yet unknown; different sails and spars are shipped and tried from day to day, and only her owner and designer know just what the measurement will probably be. To the eye she has little or no more sail than *Vigilant*, but it is disposed in a different manner, more after the Watson plan, the mast well forward, a very large mainsail, and comparatively small head-sails. That this disposition of sail is very different from that of *Vigilant* in 1893 is partly disguised by the fact that *Vigilant* has since been altered, and presumably improved, by the shortening of her bowsprit and topmast and the shipping of a longer main-boom. It now seems probable that even with the announced increase of sail on *Defender* she will measure less than *Valkyrie III.*

Three weeks ago, on the day that *Defender* was launched, *Valkyrie III.* sailed her first race on the Clyde; on Saturday last, while *Defender* was sailing her first race off Sandy Hook, *Valkyrie III.* was about starting from the Clyde for New York. The results of the four races sailed by *Valkyrie III.* on the Clyde are, on the whole, satisfactory to her friends. While she showed a tenderness on one occasion that has been severely commented on by British writers, at the same time she was sailed in a very strong blow, with hard northwest squalls off the high ground, her sails and gear all stretching. Immediately afterward some ten tons of lead were shipped inside, apparently with only good results in light weather, while the result must be to greatly increase her stability. Taking the trials all through, she has shown a great increase of speed over *Britannia* and the newer and larger *Ailsa*.

The preliminary trials of *Defender* in informal sails with other yachts were very indeterminate, but the two special races arranged by the New York Yacht Club for July 20th and 22d, each for a $200 cup, gave results that were positive, and, on the whole, very satisfactory. Both races were sailed from the Scotland Light-ship, in light winds, and with a smooth sea. In the first race, 15 miles to windward and return, *Defender* beat *Vigilant* 1 min. 39 sec. to windward, and 1 min. 6 sec. to leeward, on elapsed time, neither being yet measured.

In the second race, a triangle of 10-mile sides, *Defender* beat *Vigilant* on every point of sailing, being 9 min. 17 sec. ahead at the finish. In each of these races certain allowances must be made for differences in wind and various small inequalities of conditions, but summing up all of these, and the time allowance as nearly as it can be approximated, it is safe to say that the new *Defender* outsailed the older *Vigilant* about 5 min. in the first race and 7 min. in the second, the course being 30 miles. While this by no means realizes some of the extravagant estimates lately made, it is, taken in connection with the stability of the yacht and her extremely easy motion through the water, a good guarantee of her future speed.

IN A CALIFORNIA FRUIT VALLEY.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"'Dead Sea fruit!' That's what I call it!" exclaimed a gentleman, who, after attempting to eat one of the largest and most beautiful specimens of California peaches ever seen in Fulton Market, threw it away in disgust. And he was right; for, while it was an object to delight the eye, with its great size, perfect shape, delicate bloom, and superb coloring, its flavor was decidedly vegetable. So New-Yorkers of experience in such things buy California peaches to look at, and to serve with the dessert as the crowning ornaments of a perfect dinner, but lay in a supply of Delawares to eat; while in Chicago they say, "Oh yes, California peaches are pretty, but the St. Jo. product is good enough for us."

Having thus persuaded themselves that all California peaches are tasteless and insipid, dwellers in the East wonder why the same article, put up in cans, should be so finely flavored, and generally superior to canned peaches from elsewhere. But the proposition is a very simple one. The peach for canning is not plucked until it is ripe, with all its juicy richness and delicate flavor fully developed, while that intended for shipment to a distance is gathered while still hard and devoid of everything save color and size. The California peach in its native orchard, sun-warmed, and ripened until so filled with rich juices that it is ready to drop from the tree, is a perfect fruit, as pleasing to the taste as to the eye; but only under such conditions can it attain perfection. When it is plucked, its development is arrested, and after that it will only soften. Thus there is as much difference between a California peach in California and the same thing in New York as there is between a pineapple, luscious and sugar-sweet in its tropic field, and the pineapple of Northern markets, acid, fibrous, and bearing every evidence of having been cut long before the date of its maturity.

To the Eastern tourist in California who loves fruit and is interested in its culture there can be no more interesting trip than a run from San Francisco during September into one of the great horticultural districts of the State. It makes no difference in which direction he goes, for the vast interior valleys that a score of years ago grew little besides wheat are now so largely devoted to fruit that this has become the leading product of the State. So the trip may be made northward into Sonoma, with its vineyards and great stone wineries, eastward into the valley of the Sacramento, with its teeming orchards, or southward over the vast plains of the San Joaquin to Fresno, the centre of the great and ever-growing raisin industry. One of the points easiest of access, which at the same time combines the greatest number of interests, is the Santa Clara Valley, beginning at the head of San Francisco Bay, and lying in the great fork of the Coast Range. This valley is tributary to the fruit-distributing city of San José, and is overlooked on the east by the massive bulk of Mount Hamilton, on which stands the greatest telescope in the world, housed in Lick Observatory. This fertile and well-sheltered valley is a marvellous fruit region; and as one traverses its endless miles of vineyards and orchards, he is amazed at the quantity, quality, and variety of its horticultural products. And yet it is but one little corner of the greatest fruit-producing territory in the world.

Of course in September the inquiring tourist is too late to witness the handling of cherries, nectarines, apricots, or pears, while the bulk of the peach crop has also been shipped. The long rainless summer is drawing to its close, the landscape is scorched and brown, the sun pours down a fervent heat, the earth is seamed with drouth cracks, and the dust of railway and wagon road is suffocating. At the same time the atmosphere is so dry that its heat is exhilarating rather than oppressive, there is always a pleasant breeze, the nights are invariably cool, one may count with a certainty upon pleasant days for excursions, the vast extent of orchards and vineyards relieves the brown monotony of plain and hill-side with the refreshing green of their foliage, and the air is laden with the perfume of grapes and drying fruits. There are few fences in this county, and the visitor may wander at will from orchard to orchard or through the sweet-scented vineyards, and eat as he chooses of their choicest yield, at the same time acquiring much interesting information concerning the greatest industry of the most interesting State of the Union.

Everybody eats prunes; but everybody does not know that the ripe prune, before being dried, is the most delicious of all plums—large, purplish-red, and so luscious that it simply melts in the mouth. Dried prunes are generally supposed to be imported from somewhere, and so they are in great quantities, mostly from France and Turkey. The California product did not begin to figure in reports until 1886. In the following year it amounted to 1,825,000 pounds, while in the same year 92,032,625 pounds, valued at $3,000,000, were imported into this country. In

1892 the home product was equal in quantity and superior in quality to the imported; in 1893 the yield of prunes in the Santa Clara Valley alone was 33,000,000 pounds; while for 1895 it is estimated that the California product will more than double the importations. Prunes are raised successfully from San Diego to Puget Sound, and the industry is spreading eastward into Arizona and New Mexico. The tree begins to bear in its third year, and after its sixth yields from 100 to 300 pounds of fruit. When perfectly ripe, great juicy plums are gathered in shallow trays, holding seventy pounds each. These are set in long rows on the drying-grounds, exposed to the direct rays of the unclouded sun. In about a week they have changed from plums to prunes, and their value has increased from two and a half or three cents to twelve or fifteen cents per pound. They are so filled with saccharine matter that no sugar is used to sweeten them as they dry, and when the process is completed they are made to slide over a sheet of metal perforated with rows of different-sized holes, through which the smallest prunes drop first. These are packed in bags without further preparation, while the larger fruit is dipped in a hot bath of glycerine and water to give it a gloss, is "faced" or flattened in a machine somewhat resembling a clothes-wringer, and is finally pressed into fancy boxes, in which shape it takes a foremost rank among dried fruits as a table delicacy.

The largest prune orchard in this country, if not in the world, is located at Los Gatos (the cats), on the western edge of the Santa Clara Valley. It contains 380 acres of trees, 120 of which are planted to the acre. Over one hundred men and a score of teams are constantly employed in this great orchard, which has its own water-works and electric-light plant. Its drying-ground is twenty acres in extent, and it yields a net income of something like $50,000 a year.

Near this Los Gatos orchard is a curious factory, said to be the only one of its kind in the world. It is a factory for the making of grape-food, and is devoted to the extracting and concentrating, but not fermenting, of grape juice. During the season it consumes fifty tons of grapes every day, and produces 100,000 gallons of juice, concentrated to one-fourth of its original bulk. The ingenious process by which this is accomplished is simplicity itself. A small but constant stream of fresh juice flows into the upper end of a copper cylinder two feet in diameter and nineteen feet long, which is inclined at a slight angle, and revolves slowly in a hot-water jacket that keeps it heated to 150°. The juice forms a film on the interior of this cylinder, the heat evaporates all water from it, and the vapor is drawn off as soon as formed by great exhaust-fans that make 300 revolutions per minute. The juice occupies just sixty seconds in passing through the cylinder, and finally trickles from its lower end in a warm syrupy stream, robbed of none of its original elements or properties save three times its bulk of water.

The grapes used in such enormous quantities in this interesting factory, both red and white, are wine grapes, which, as the tourist observer soon discovers, are very different from raisin grapes, the former containing the more juice, and the latter the more saccharine matter. One of the surprising things about a raisin vineyard is the small size of its vines, which, being cut back every year, are rarely more than two or three feet high, and the great size of the bunches. These, when fully ripe, are cut and laid in shallow trays between the rows of vines, where, without the addition of any sugar, they are allowed to dry in the sun until they become raisins, which is all there is to the process.

The most surprising thing of all is the discovery that all raisin grapes are white grapes, until they are turned purple in drying, which is hard to realize, but is nevertheless a fact.

AN INDIAN DOLL.

PREPARE to mount! Mount!" I had just commanded. "One moment, Mr. Coleman," interposed the general, stepping from the rough agency office. "The scouts have reported that some Brûlés are still out raiding around. Look out for them."

"Very well, sir. Fours left! march! trot! march! and we were off through the "Council" enclosure, past silent groups of painted Sioux and alert blue-coated soldiers on the road down the White Clay.

The bloody fight of Wounded Knee had just been fought, and many a Sioux—Ogallala, Brûlé, and Uncapapa—lay in his war-paint, face up to the sullen sky on that desolate field. I had been ordered to take thirty of the best sharp-shooters in our regiment—our regiment was mounted that campaign at Pine Ridge—and to go out to the battle-field and bury the dead Indians there. So on we clattered, with our wagons rattling along behind with their loads of dirty half-breeds and "squaw men." We had *them* along to do the burying.

There was enough excitement and uncertainty about the expedition to stir up the blood in our veins as we trotted rapidly on, meeting mud-spattered scouts and orderlies galloping madly by us to our soldier-general at the agency. At a trot we rose over the dun hills, from whose crests we could see the long agency buildings and the white camps of the troops.

As the general had said that we might be attacked, I swung the column over to the left, to Anstruther's camp of Cheyenne scouts. I halted it, and dismounting, strode over to Anstruther's tent for news. I found him surrounded by a dozen hawk-nosed Cheyennes giving them orders — the ready soldier in every word and gesture. "Hostiles?" he said, in reply to me. "Yes, believe there are some over there. Needn't look for any near the battle-ground—bad medicine to a good Indian, as they say. Sergeant," he added, calling to a tall, fierce-looking scout-sergeant, "call back that man—Iron Bear—the one that scouted near Wounded Knee yesterday." Iron Bear came up, a very copper-colored Iron Bear he was, stately picturesque in fur cap and yellow-lined cape.

"Iron Bear, you see any Sioux near Wounded Knee?" said Anstruther, striking his knee, and pretended he had wounded it. Iron Bear nodded, held up five fingers on his left hand and three on his right, moving his hands to show he had seen one party on our side, the other on the other side of Wounded Knee Creek. He told us about them in the sign language of the prairies.

"I think I'll take Iron Bear along with me, if you can spare his valuable services for a while, Anstruther," I said.

"Certainly, old man. Iron Bear you go with them," pointing to us, "ride, scout," replied Anstruther, sweeping one arm in a circle, and shading his eyes with the other to show his meaning. Before he was through, almost, Iron Bear was back with us on his wiry Indian pony. A hasty "good-by" to Anstruther, and we were off again on the jump.

The air was cold and clear, as it whistled past our ears. Ahead a thin blanket of snow covered the low hills, and brought out sharply the dark green firs against the higher peaks of the Ridge. Soon we left the Mission road, and swung to the right on the old Deadwood trail that winds through the terrible Bad Lands.

The horses were white with the biting frost, and little icicles hung from our buffalo overcoats and heavy caps.

"How many miles away now, Iron Bear?" He made eight fingers with his hand—eight miles—never taking his eyes from their ceaseless eager search of the hills for hostile Sioux. We kept going at a lively gait, with our "flankers" ahead of us on the hills to guard against ambush. The men did not talk much; these were wild times, and the air was full of lurking treachery and sudden death. You couldn't tell exactly when you yourself had to work to save your own life, so what was the use of talking about it, especially when you have both hands and feet full of a very perverse untamed bronco who insists on having his own wild way?

Once we saw off to the right two miles or so a little band of Sioux; but they rode the "peace" circle on a hill-top, and we galloped on. An hour more and we struck Wounded Knee Creek.

Once, "long, long time ago," as the Ogallalas say, the first time the Sioux came out to this part of the wild Dakotas, a band of them strayed far westward and camped beside this turbid creek. Here, in the evening, so the Indian tradition says, a squaw stumbled, fell down the steep banks, and wounded her knee. So the creek is, to this day, Wounded Knee Creek.

"Close up, men. Corporal Haynes, keep those wagons together," I had hardly ordered, when Iron Bear, twenty paces in front, threw up his hand, and halted, throwing his pony back on its haunches. "Halt!" I spurred forward to where Iron Bear sat motionless in his saddle. I swept the horizon with a glance. The battle-field—it lay at our feet in a "flat" amid the low desolate hills, strewn with the terrible wreck of the fight. No living being in sight amidst all the shattered tepees, the still, black patches that here and there darkened the peaceful snow. Above hovered three dark figures in the sky. Down that ravine yonder skulked a stealthy pack of coyotes. Over all hung the gray sky and the heavy clouds.

Have you ever seen a battle-field? No? Then you will know why I wished Armington was there: he can draw army pictures that even an old soldier can't find fault with. But we had not much time to spare—so "Forward! march! Sergeant, post the flankers on the hills. Take charge of them till I call you in. Keep a sharp lookout."

We filed on down into the flat below. One of the wagons capsized, throwing the half-breeds pell-mell into a howling heap; we righted it, and kept on. "Halt! dismount! Maurice, take my horse. Bring down those wagons. Tumble out, you men," I added to the now silent squaw men; "start in right here and dig."

They dug a great gaping hole in the clayey earth—six feet deep, ten wide, sixty long. Our men stood around, leaning on their long rifles, impassive to the scene of horror, yet keenly alert. The steaming horses champed at their icy bits, snorting uneasily, as they always do when near the dead bodies of men. On the distant buttes stood our scouts outlined against the bleak sky. Only the clatter of the shovels against an occasional flint-stone broke the silence. Soldiers don't talk on the approach of a fight or amidst the still bodies of comrade or warriors; they are thinking of that stern fight that will be *their* last, when they, too, will lie face up to the cold stars.

The great grave was finally finished, and the ragged, slouching shovellers had climbed out of its depths. The big wagons were brought up and driven over the plain, gathering grim burdens of squaws and painted braves. With my interpreter I wandered over the battle-field. Behind me rode Lone Weasel—a Brûlé Sioux—the only male survivor of this fight where Big Foot's band of Sioux had been killed to a man almost. Of them all but three squaws and Lone Weasel had escaped; the others lay around us, still wearing in their dark faces the fierce hatred of the red man for the pale-faces.

We came to one "buck" lying all in a heap, his thin distorted face bound in a scarf, his moccasined feet drawn up under him in his dying agony. "That's Chief Big Foot himself, Lone Weasel says," said the interpreter, riding up to get a view of the dead chief. "Yes, that's him," he continued. "I've seen him often at the Spotted Tail Agency. He was a purty hard citizen, too." "Ask Lone Weasel what was the matter with the chief that made him look so sickly," I told him. "Lead, I guess," answered the scar-faced interpreter, grinning, and turning to Lone Weasel. "He says Big Foot he cough, cough—all the time cough; heap sick," he added.

We rode on past to where, in a deep ravine, lay five or six Indians, hurled to death by the bursting shells that put an end to the deadly work this party was doing to the soldiers below. Beyond them a larger group attracted our attention. Here lay more than twenty bucks in a space of twenty yards. One gaunt, half-clad figure lying across four other figures, still glared defiance from his fierce face through his matted hair. His arms flung high in air seemed just to have dropped the bright-barrelled Winchester by his side, were it not for his chest torn by four ragged holes. "The medicine-man," said the interpreter, nodding at the figure; "he started the fight. When the soldiers started in to round up the Indians' guns, he walked around the Indians, singing the death-song, and telling them not to give up their guns, and suddintly he stoops down, picks up a pinch of dust, throws it in the air—the Sioux fight-signal—and off flew the Indians' blankets, out came their guns, and fight begun."

All around was scattered an endless wreck of camp stuff, broken wagons, dead animals, mingled with heaps of rags, red quilts, beaded moccasins, and porcupine work. One old fellow that we ran across had his head in a water-bucket, and his feet in a coal-scuttle the Indians had gotten the Lord knows where. He thought he was safe, I suppose, in the same way an ostrich does when it gets its head under two inches of sand, but the ugly spot in his back showed that he had been mistaken.

There lay some squaws in their tawdry red and yellow dresses, and on each the long brass-covered scabbards for those cruel knives they carry to use on game or tortured prisoner alike. Everywhere you went you found bodies. Some looked peaceful now, for the first time on earth. They had not been good Indians—not they. They had been as murderous, treacherous a lot of villains as ever went unhung. Many a cruel deed had they done while alive; many a fond heart had they broken, that still is broken to this day, that still weeps for the gallant gentlemen and brave soldiers who fell that day. So our hearts were stern as we wandered on. But as we came down a little swale that dipped to the creek, we came upon a tepee standing by itself, its walls torn by bullets. In front of it lay a squaw, fallen stricken by a chance shot as she ran out. As I rode around the tepee my horse suddenly shied. I looked over to see what it was. There lay a little Indian child—a mere baby—her little face still full of startled wonderment as she had listened to the wild roar of the fight around her. I got off my horse again, and gave him to Lone Weasel to hold. I walked nearer to see the pathetic little face that brought something salt to my eyes as I looked at her. The dark stain on her bonnet told the tale of the stray bullet.

One little dark-skinned hand lay as if she had stretched it out for something even as she fell to the ground. What could it have been she wanted? I thought. Ah, yes! there it was; it was an Indian doll—a funny little doll, with red dress all beaded with white beads around the waist, and crowned with long black hair that you could see the baby's mother had cut from her own heavy hair.

The little doll was standing in a clay "play-house" the wee baby had made for it, with a bit or two of glass, some glittering pieces of tin, and a gorgeous tomato-can label. Here she had played with this wee doll, humming to it the low tender songs the Sioux lover sings on starlit nights. Even in her fall she had stretched one hand for it, as if to protect it from the terror around her.

The snow now flung its white, peaceful mantle over them both, as though the loving mother earth had tucked them away in her bosom, while the west wind sung them to sleep forever. How quiet her baby face was. It touched a soft spot somewhere under my heavy coat as I looked at her. I stooped and very tenderly raised her little figure and the doll in my arms, and walked across the field with them.

The men dug for her a small grave by itself under a branching fir. Softly I laid her away in it with a mist in my eyes, while the bearded soldiers took off their caps with a vague feeling of reverence.

As I turned away from the fast-filling grave, my glance fell upon the doll that had slipped to the snow-covered ground. It was too late to lay it with the little one in the tiny grave. I put it gently in the pocket of my great-coat and brought it back to the agency. There it is, on that cabinet in the corner of my front room, and I never look at the Indian doll but I think of that little grave under the branching fir in the wild Dakotas.

George W. Kirkman, U.S.A.

SILVER AND MARRIAGE.

Sadly spake the Silver Mogul of Nevada's acred space:
"I behold impending ruin" (and deep sorrow gloomed his face),
"For, with Silver not a fetich, who can half our troubles guess,
Since Love and Marriage fail to flourish, and are daily growing less?

"With the price of all things dropping to the lowest figures known,
Those who ought to marry early now must go through life alone;
How—with goods of all descriptions just as cheap as they can be—
Can our young folks pay their house-rent, or buy sugar, starch, and tea?

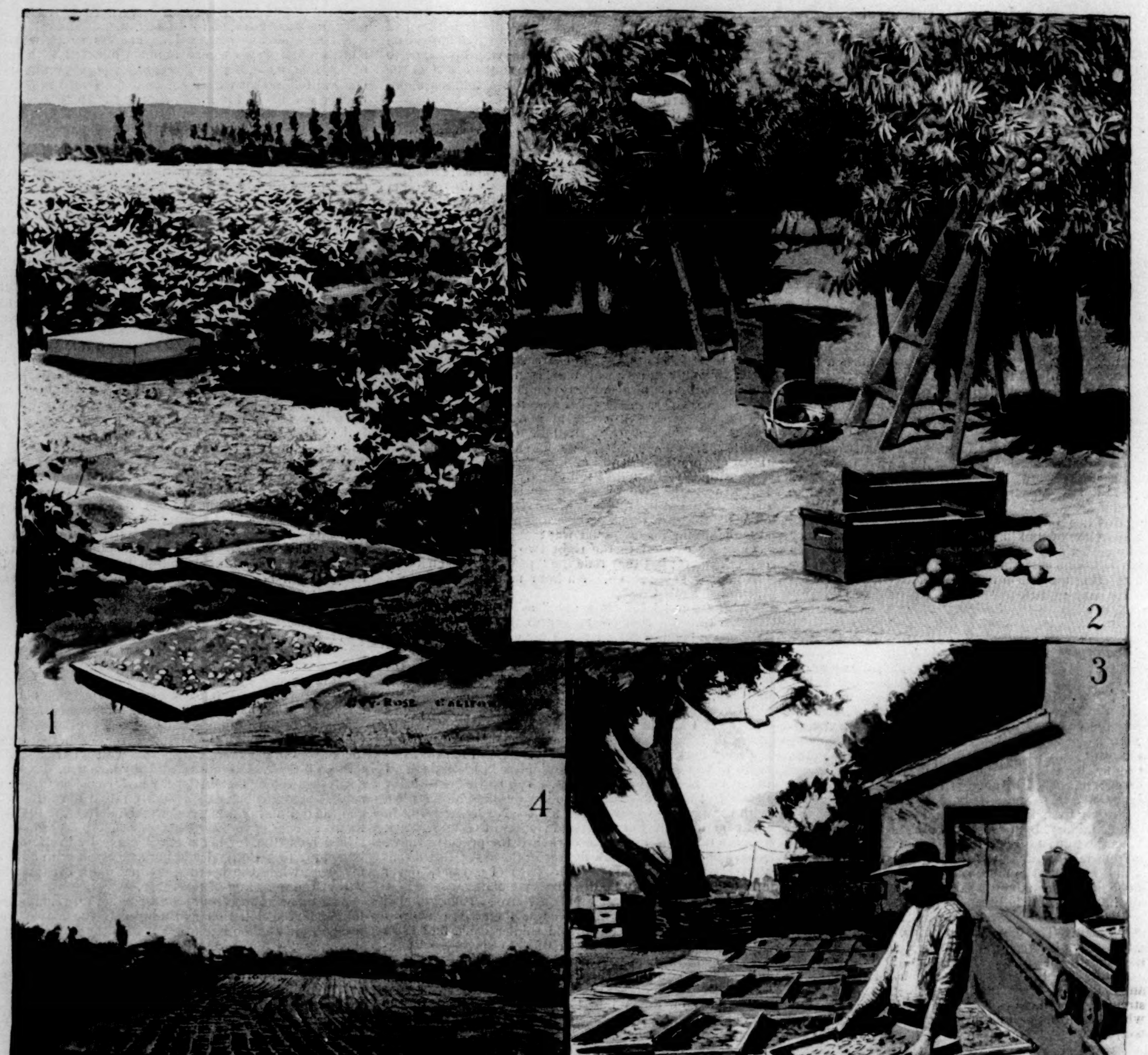
"As my speeches, long and windy, lengthened out with brass untold,
Have predicted, this is owing to the wickedness of Gold,
Which usurps the place of Silver in the market and the store,
And won't let my darling metal fill its front yard any more.

"If you want the land to prosper, you must put up prices high,
And coin Silver by the cart-load for the things you wish to buy;
We have got it in Nevada, and unnumbered tons I've sold,
Which—to keep from coming back to me—I bartered off for Gold.

"But my eyes are wet with weeping for this ruin that I see,
Since the prevalence of Marriage sinks to such a low degree;
While just fifty cents in Silver half a dollar must remain,
And will never make a dollar in my Bank Account again.

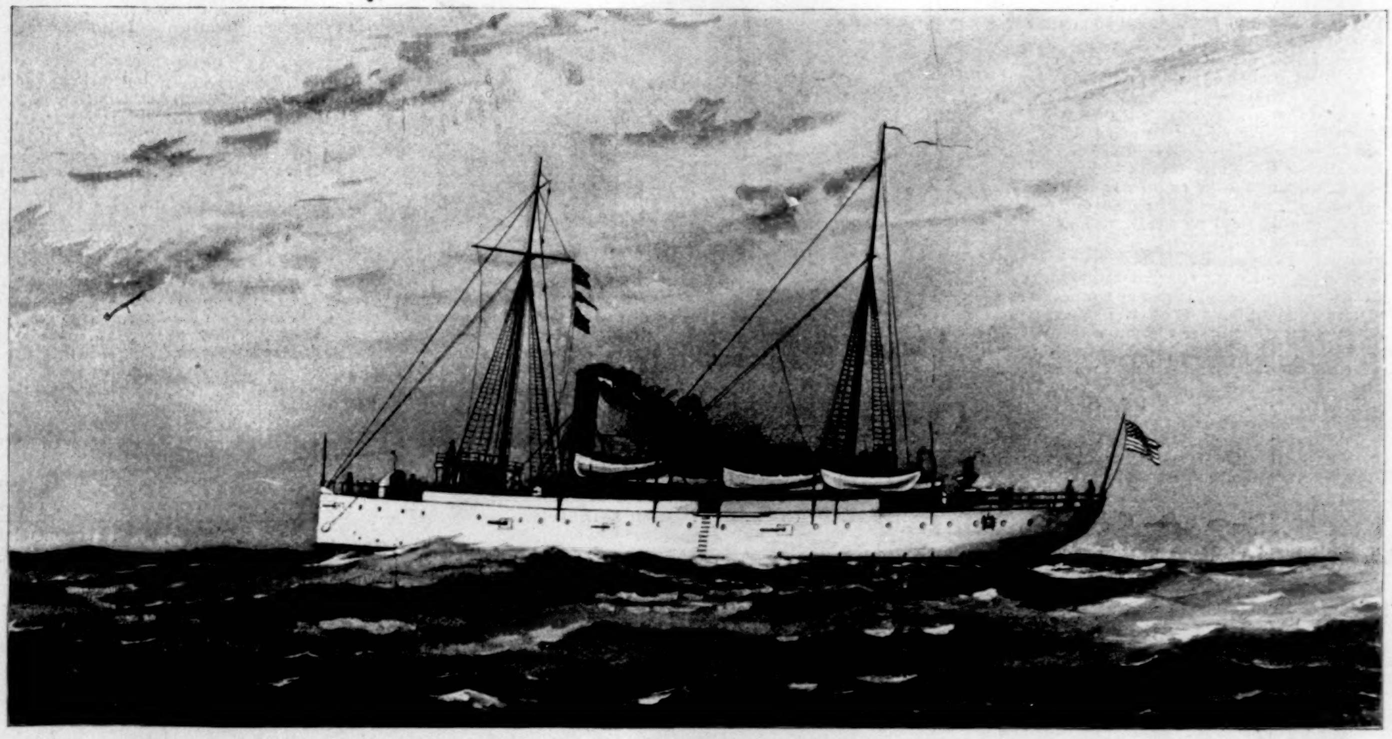
"Oh, most hallowed rite of Eden, Oh, disastrous wrong of Gold,
Oh, divine, illustrious Silver, worth them both a thousand-fold!
Who can doubt our Nation's downfall when we throttle Love's sweet bliss,
And the glorious Hope of Silver comes to such an end as this."

Joel Benton.



IN A CALIFORNIA FRUIT VALLEY.—Drawn by Guy Rose.—[See Page 732.]

1. Raisin Trays among the Vines. 2. Gathering Peaches. 3. Drying Peaches. 4. Drying Prunes on a large Scale. 5. Detail of a Six-year-old Prune-Tree.



TYPE OF THE TWIN-SCREW GUNBOAT WITH STEADYING SAILS.

THE COMPOSITE GUNBOATS.

THE six light-draught gunboats—numbered from 10 to 15—authorized by act of Congress approved March 2d of the present year will mark a new era in the constructive practice of our modern navy, and will swell to nine our fleet of small craft especially planned for duty in the rivers and shallow estuaries of China and in the waters of those ever-restless revolutionary Central and South American republics.

The term "composite" is used to denote a mixed construction of metal and wood.

The framing will be of metal. From the keel up to the berth-deck line only planking of Georgia pine, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, will form the bottom and bilges of the boats; from that line up the sides will be of metal, lapped to a height of 22 inches above the water-line by a continuation of the wooden sheathing, the latter being coppered throughout on the outside, and so fastened to the frames and plating beneath by composition bolts that galvanic action may be avoided.

Throughout the engine and boiler space there will be an inner bottom of plating, giving the necessary added strength for the support of the machinery and boilers, while facilitating cleansing the bilges and affording protection in event of damage to the wooden outer bottom.

The six vessels will represent two distinct types, one type carrying full sail power, and propelled, when under steam, by a single screw; the other type, having steadying sails only, will be driven by twin screws; and each, in order, may be said to represent the conservative and radical opinions regarding the advisability of a combination of steam and sail power or the complete dominance of steam energy on small craft.

The principal dimensions, power, and speed are:

	Single-screw Type.	Twin-screw Type.
Length on load water-line	168 feet.	174 feet.
Beam, extreme, at load water-line	36 "	34 "
Draught, normal, to bottom of wooden keel	12 "	12 "
Displacement, normal	1000 tons.	1000 tons.
Indicated horse-power (estimated maximum)	800	800
Speed an hour (estimated)	12 knots.	12 knots.

The armaments, alike in both types, will consist of six 4-inch breech-loading rifles, four 6-pounder and two 1-pounder guns, all belonging to the "rapid-fire" class.

Four of the 4-inch guns will be carried on the gun-deck amidships, two on either side, the two other 4-inch guns being placed on the main-deck, one at the bow and one at the stern, each having a wide arc of fire. The 6-pounders will be stowed on the gun-deck, two well forward, one on each bow, and two amidships between the 4-inch rifles, one in each battery. The 1-pounder guns will be carried where most advantageous on the hammock berthing.

For the 4-inch guns there will be 900 rounds of "fixed" ammunition, for the 6-pounders 2000 rounds, and for the 1-pounders 1200 rounds.

The propelling engines in both classes will be of the vertical triple-expansion type.

The engine in each single-screw boat will have a high, an intermediate, and a low pressure cylinder of $15\frac{1}{4}$, $23\frac{1}{2}$, and 36 inches respectively in diameter, with a common stroke of 30 inches, and turning the shaft 150 times a minute when developing the maximum horse-power. When under sail alone, the shaft and screw will be freed from the engines, and allowed to revolve by the action of the passing water. The retarding influence will be slight.

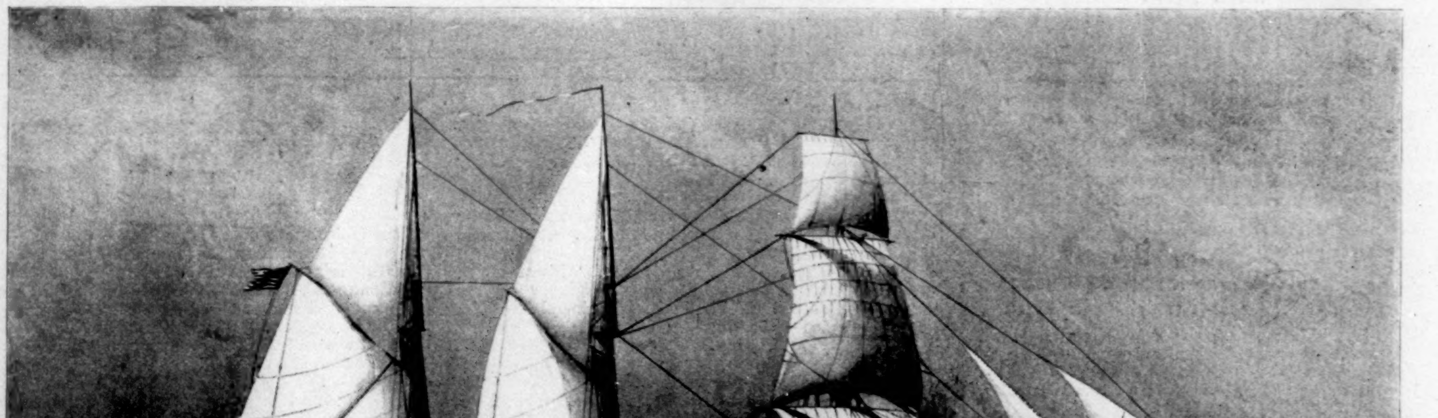
In the twin-screw boats there will be two engines, "rights" and "lefts," working in a common water-tight compartment, each with high, intermediate, and low pressure cylinders of 12, 18, and 28 inches respectively, having a stroke of 18 inches, and estimated to make 200 revolutions a minute when working at full power.

Single-ended "Scotch" boilers, two in each boat, and placed side by side in a common fire-room, will supply steam at a working pressure of 180 pounds. They will have a length and a diameter of $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet each, with two corrugated furnaces apiece, and moderate forced draught will be induced by two blowers exhausting into the ash-pits, thus doing away with the trials of a closed fire-room.

In the single-screw boats the normal coal supply will be 100 tons, with a total bunker capacity of 238; in the twin-screw boats the normal supply will be 120, and the bunker capacity 250. At full speed, and with bunkers filled, the steaming radius for each class will be 3200 and 3360 knots respectively.

The single-screw boats will be lighted by electricity, and provided with a steam-steerer and a steam-windlass; the presence of these features on the twin-screw boats, weight and space for which are allowed in the design, will depend upon the possibility of their installation within the prescribed limit of cost.

Working inland and within small-arm range, the duty for which these boats are especially designed is such as might expose them to musketry fire; and housing the



TYPE OF THE SINGLE-SCREW GUNBOAT WITH FULL SAIL POWER.

THE NEW COMPOSITE GUNBOATS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

major part of the batteries by an unbroken deck, aside from adding materially to the strength and stiffness of the craft and giving admirable accommodations for 146 persons—officers, seamen, and marines—promises enviable protection to the guns' crews in action.

The act of Congress providing for these boats fixes the constructive cost limit at $230,000, exclusive of armament, allows one contractor to build but two of the boats at the outside, makes the period of building fifteen months from date of signing contract, and prescribes that the metal structural material shall be steel or some other approved metal or alloy.

The characteristic exfoliation of copper is such that marine growths are released by their own weight soon after a vessel is put in motion; and in the rapid-fouling bottoms of steel ships, with the accompanying decreased speed and increased coal consumption, and consequent cost of docking every six months, are all-sufficient reasons for building the present composite boats. This indisputably advantageous method of minimizing these evils, while preserving the speed, range of action, and general efficiency of war-ships, has long been urged by Chief-Constructor Hichborn.

Of the two types, in the first we have a happy compromise between the sailing-ship and the steamship, with an expected speed under sail alone equal to if not in excess of that under the best steaming conditions; while in the twin-screw type we have an admirable example of steam-power in all its self-sufficiency—provided nothing happen! At best, the activity of the latter class must be limited to the possibilities upon a 250-ton coal supply—dwindling necessarily at all times—while the scope of the single-screw boats will be wellnigh unlimited; and should their engines become deranged or the 238 tons of coal be exhausted, they still will have recourse to all the independence of a spread of canvas amounting to 11,165 square feet.

For police duty in far-away ports and places, for blockading service, and scouting missions where avoidance of supply bases is essential, these boats will be invaluable additions to the navy.

The department has decided that there shall be four of one type and two of the other. The dominance of either type will depend upon the bidding prices—presumably the more reasonable will prevail; but the inestimable practical seamanship to be had on the sail-powered craft—the perpetuation of that class of ships so long the school for that shifty, fearless type of American sailor-man—is a consideration, certainly, that should count in determining of what character the majority of the new vessels should be.

R. G. SKERRETT.

THE CITY.

I.—DAWN.

DIMLY and slowly, in the sombre east,
A faint cold light is streaked upon the sky:
Fires pale through dripping mist, and shadows fly,
While life that slumbered wakens to its feast;

One who is watching the receding stars,
And spectral fading of a yellow moon,
Rejoices in the glad, perennial boon
Of jocund day with all its glorious scars:

Down through a frosty solitude of streets,
Greened in small spots with hints of dewy lawn,
One sees the crimson splendor of the dawn,
And a world throbbing to the life it greets.

II.—DAY.

High in mid-heaven the sun is dazzling white,
Diaphanous clouds float in an ambient air;
Upon our earth a morning, fresh and fair,
Blooms with gay blossoms thirsty for the light.

Along these old familiar city ways,
Grown quaintly precious in memorial thought,
Men seek what their unfaltering fathers sought—
Large means to master the devouring days:

They build their lives with patient strife and strain,
They build their hopes with hot, unceasing will—
And some are grandly destined to fulfil
A lofty fate where most are darkly slain.

III.—NIGHT.

The twilight was a blaze of colored fires,
And the sun vanished in a purple glow;
A new moon's crescent, like a silver bow,
Tempted brave hearts with languorous desires:

Then darkness fell, and lo! the moon was gold,
The moon that all may swear by in their youth,
Now men and women who would live, forsooth,
Dream of a world where love is never old;—

Yet in a dusky corner of the town,
While pleasure carols in capricious songs,
Crime with its reddened dagger and its wrongs
Waits for some victim—waits—to strike him down!

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

THE INFANT PHENOMENON LITTLE JAP LECTURING ON THE ART OF WAR TO THE EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES.
(From *Punch*, December 22, 1894.)

THE END OF THE LECTURE.

JOHN BULL. "My dear Jappy, allow me to congratulate you. Always count on me—as usual."
LITTLE JAP. "As usual—I shall."

NEW YORK.

I HAD an experience with the New York excise law a few nights ago in a part of the city which I will not identify, for fear Mr. Roosevelt should see this paragraph, and evil should come of it. I wanted an innocent glass of mineral water to settle a disordered stomach, and I started out to find it at an hour when almost every drug store is closed by custom, and all saloons are closed by law. It was ten minutes after one o'clock in the morning, when I met a fat policeman and told him what I wanted.

"What kind o' water is it ye're after?" he asked.

"Oh, anything at all that will correct the acidity of my stomach," I replied.

"The what?"

"My stomach is out of order, and I want some Vichy or Apollinaris. Is there an all-night drug store around here?"

"I dun'no'." He looked at his watch. "It's after one, and all the saloons is closed."

"But I don't want whiskey; I want mineral water."

"There's places that 'd give you someth'n', perhaps, but I wouldn't be any friend of yours to take you there now. You might try on the corner below. If they like your looks they might give you someth'n'."

He waved his hand in the direction of the corner saloon.

"Try the side door," he said.

"But is it against the law to sell mineral water?"

"It's against the law to breathe just now," he said, wearily, and walked away.

I went to the side door of the saloon and tried the knob. As I did so, two men started toward me, took a searching look at me, and walked over to the curb. The door opened a little way. I heard the clink of glasses and the rattle of the cash-register. A voice cried, "In a minute." Presently a bar-tender, with a scared look in his face, peered out at me scarchingly. I told him my mission. He shook his head. "We're closed," he said.

"Can't you pass a bottle of mineral water out to me?"

"We're closed," was all he would say; and he shut the door in my face. As I went up the street the two men loitering at the curb followed me with their eyes. I glanced back and saw them. Evidently they were the "lookout" for the establishment.

Not very far away was a hotel. I stepped into the office and asked the night clerk if he could get me a bottle of mineral water from the bar.

"Bar's closed, sir. Very sorry," he said. "But I can send you to a place where you can get it." He wrote on a card: "O. K. John Smith, Night Clerk." This card he handed to me, telling me that it would admit me to the saloon from which I had just been turned away. Back I went with the card in my hand. There was only one lookout now. The door-knob did not respond to my touch. No one answered when I rattled it, but the man outside said, "They're closed."

"The hotel clerk said they were open."

"Perhaps he knows better than me."

"Perhaps he does not. But he gave me a card."

"Let me see it."

The lookout took the card to a street light and examined it. He returned, still suspicious. "Have you been here before?" he said.

"Yes, a few minutes ago. They wouldn't let me in. I had no card then."

"Well, come in with me."

I followed him inside a swinging glass door. He tried the door within. A chain held it almost closed. My friend the bar-tender peered out again. He looked anxious when he saw me. The lookout handed in the card.

"Do you know this writing?" he asked.

The bar-tender examined the card, and then unchained the door. As I stepped inside, the lookout said, apologetically, "We wouldn't let you in before 'cause you looked so much like a policeman."

I have been taken for a circus-rider, a baseball-player, a commercial traveller, and many other things, so my pride received no severe shock when I was accused of looking like a policeman.

Inside the saloon every one wore the air of a guilty criminal. The bar-tender had the manner of a convicted murderer about to be taken to the electric chair. Two customers who stood at the bar looked as though some awful calamity was impending. An elderly man sitting in the corner moved about as if in nervous dread. All eyed me furtively, until I had ordered an innocent glass of Apollinaris, and stood sipping it quietly. No other customers came in, and presently the two men at the bar went out, the bar-tender unchaining the door, and chaining it again behind them.

When he returned, I said: "Your partner told me I looked like a policeman. Do I?"

He started when I said policeman, and then answered, with a quick glance at me, "I don't know, sir." He went on with his work. After a time he gained enough confidence to say, "It's pretty hard to get in anywhere now, sir."

"And it will be so long as this man Roosevelt is in charge," I said.

"Do you know him, sir?"

"Oh yes; quite well."

The bar-tender looked for a minute as though he would have a fit.

"Don't let that worry you," I said. "Good-night."

He unchained the door, and I went out. I took with me the thought that men must want whiskey pretty badly who hunt for it in New York city after one o'clock at night.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Indianapolis *News* finds grave fault with certain remarks made in this corner of the WEEKLY anent General Wallace's criticisms of the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. It was suggested here that the soldiers' monuments which have been set up in this country since the war would, as a rule, have profited by timely criticism, and that the zeal of their promoters has usually been in excess of their artistic intelligence. The *News* ingeniously discovers in this suggestion a disparagement of the great West, and insists in particular, and not without plausible grounds, that it is not valuable in so far as it applies to the monument at Indianapolis. That monument, it seems, is to cost $450,000. Bruno Schmitz, of Berlin, is responsible for its architectural qualities, and Mr. Brewster of Cleveland, Nicholas Geiger of Berlin, and Mr. Macmonnies will be accountable for the groups of statuary with which it is to be adorned. The *News* seems to feel that in implicating these gentlemen in the construction of the monument the regents have placed themselves beyond the reach of any but the most skilled and intelligent criticism. What General Wallace took exception to was not the execution of the various designs, but the subjects of them, his criticisms having to do rather with history than with art: but the *News* will have none of them, whatever their scope, and though it records its regard for General Wallace as a soldier, an author, and a citizen, it finds it "painful to remember how he struck out at his only time at the bat when it came to art."

No doubt there are many readers of the WEEKLY who have not informed themselves about the Indiana monument, and who will be interested to know how considerable a work it is, and to what hands it has been intrusted. Certainly it is not a work to be lightly considered. The *News* is mistaken in supposing that it was either asserted

or implied in the WEEKLY that the average soldier's monument was any faultier in the West than it is in the East, but it is probably right in believing that the East is not thoroughly aware of the size and quality of the monument at Indianapolis. In all parts of the United States the artistic sense is still somewhat crude, but it is waking up.

How lively the interest of people in general seems to be in the profits of the trade of writing. There is nothing about "Paradise Lost" so generally known as that it brought its author in three pounds. More people know how much Goldsmith got for the *Vicar of Wakefield* than have read the book. The story of Scott's gains from his poems and romances is the most fascinating part of Lockhart's *Life*. Trevelyan's tale of Macaulay's profits from his *History* is extra good reading, and there is scarcely anything in Anthony Trollope's prodigiously interesting yarn about himself that stirs the emotions to a greater depth than his accounts of his bargains with publishers and the record of the sums his various writings brought him in. There may be no good reason why the price of manuscript should be more interesting than the price of pork, but it is.

The literary hack who published his account-book in the July *Forum* seems to have had a poor opinion of his trade. Even now, he says, when he has learned it, he can only make about five thousand a year by it, and he has to work hard every day to do that. Gracious! what would the man have? How blind he seems to his own happiness! He has to work, to be sure, but that saves him the trouble of playing, and playing is an expense. Other men, some of them, are driven to poker or to horse-races or to stock speculations for excitement, but the hack needs none of those spices. Every day with him brings its own sufficient gamble. He may sell; he may not; in either case he has his emotions. There is always with him, too, the possibility that some time he may write something really good. Hope springs undying in the hack's bosom. His hand is always in the intellectual grab-bag, and how can he help believing that some day he will pull out a real prize; some day, when the wind is right, and he has had the right things for breakfast, and has had his intellectuals or his sympathies stirred by some violent emotion, he may say something that really needs saying, and say it as it ought to be said. That possibility helps very much to keep the hack agoing, and indeed it is a very poor hack who does not realize it now and then in sufficient measure to refresh his spirit.

Don't believe him too implicitly when he says he does not like his business. To get a stated check every Saturday morning from the counting-room would seem humdrum to him. To have a single boss and be under orders would be irksome to him. He may be a demoralized creature, and may recognize the disadvantages of his state, but if he is anything like as successful a hack as the *Forum's* penitent makes himself out to be he is apt to like his trade, with all its drawbacks, better than better trades are liked by better-paid men.

The real trouble with the hack-writing business, so far as there is any trouble with it, is that the hack is paid for what he does instead of for what he knows and is. The people who have the best jobs are paid for what they know or for what they are.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has written a play founded on *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, which is to be brought out next fall by Mr. Forbes Robertson, at the Lyceum Theatre in London. Mr. Robertson will play Angel Clare, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be Tess. The great scene of the play is said to be Tess's confession to her husband on the night of her marriage. The large and feeble-spirited portion of the community which goes to plays for amusement and likes to have everybody on the stage have a good time can hardly hope to take much comfort with this new play. If it follows the novel at all closely, no one in it will have a time that is at all joyous or satisfactory. But sterner and more enduring souls who like *Hamlet* and *King Lear* and *Macbeth* may hope to be edified by it, for the characters are violently interesting and the situations are strong. Tess was a strong, sweet woman, who could be depended upon to do in thought, word, and deed the unwise thing at the wrong time, and take the consequences like a hero. If only she had had Trilby's good luck in running across a squad of knightly gentlemen it would have been a delightful summer day's exercise to read about her. As it is, it is somewhat painful, but she is worth the pain in the book, as doubtless she will be in the play.

Only one kind of suffering is intolerable in literature, and that is the suffering of children. When it comes to grown-ups we can harden our hearts and call it experience.

From the newspaper accounts of the different methods of training of the American and English crews before the Henley regatta one gets the impression that the Britishers have the advantage of our men in that they get more fun out of their athletics than the Americans do. It is true that the Cornell men were visitors training in a climate to which they were not used, and compelled to take the utmost care to avoid sickness. All the same, the story of their preparation for the Henley race seemed to be one of constant mortification of the flesh and painful effort, whereas the Englishmen seemed to frolic with their sport, eating and drinking what seemed good to them, and rowing hard and often with something like glee, as though they were doing it for fun, and were not engaged in the discharge of a solemn and responsible public duty. The conditions under which the Cornell men worked were so different from those of the English crews at Henley that any comparison would be apt to be misleading; but it has been suggested that our amateur athletes here at home take their sports with too desperate a seriousness, and get too little fun out of them. Our college athletes have been criticised as being too anxious to win and too careless of how they did it; too indifferent to sport as sport and too solicitous about it as a means of success. It has been said of politics in this country that it is war. In the intensity of business competition there seems to be a growing sentiment that business is also war. Perhaps it is because inter-collegiate sport has grown to be too much of a business that that threatens to be rated as a species of war too. But when amateur sport becomes war it ceases to be sport. When the recreative quality in a sport has been sacrificed to success, and it becomes a grinding labor, too costly of time, too costly of money and effort, and with little recompense except the notoriety it gives, then that sport has ceased to be wholesome. It may be a mistaken impression, but it does seem to the present imperfectly qualified observer as if the Britishers were more successful than our young men in retaining the sportive quality in their sports. They want to win, they try hard to win, but when they row it seems to be partly because they like rowing and not altogether because the chance of winning a boat-race makes up to them for the grind of preparation. Is it not the extreme lust for victory that is at the bottom of most of the eternal squabbles between our colleges over all athletic subjects? Is it not that sentiment that hides rival oarsmen behind bushes on the banks of our Thames while they watch for a chance to take the time of the other crew? A little more sport and a little less "foxiness" in American college sports might do them good.

Allusion was lately made in this department of the WEEKLY to the failure of Harvard's defeats in athletics to retard the growth of the university. It is proper to say that the statistics on which the paragraph was based were taken from an article in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.

An Ohio correspondent, who has read a "Busy World" paragraph about honorary degrees for women, writes to remind the WEEKLY that this year was not the first time that the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on a woman, but that Miss Frances Willard received it last year from the Ohio Wesleyan University. E. S. MARTIN.

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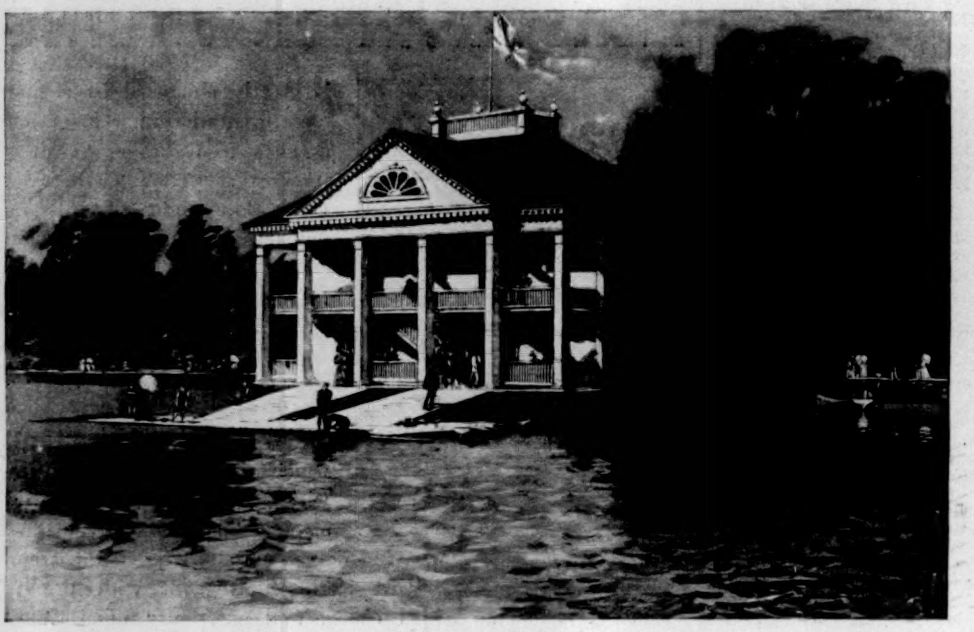


THE NEW BOAT-HOUSE FOR COLUMBIA COLLEGE, AT THE FOOT OF WEST 115TH STREET, HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]

ALL-AMERICAN COLLEGE BASEBALL NINE.

THE All-American College Baseball nine for 1895 should be: Catcher, Greenway, Yale; pitcher, Carter, Yale; first base, Goeckle, Pennsylvania; second base, Ward, Princeton; short stop, Brooks, Princeton; third base, Beaman, Wesleyan; left field, Payne, Princeton; centre field, Redington, Yale; right field, Bradley, Princeton. Substitutes: Catcher, Trenchard, Princeton; pitcher, Mahoney, Georgetown; in-fielder, Whittemore, Harvard; outfielder, Speer, Yale.

The college baseball season of 1895 has been a disappointment in many ways. There have been fewer good players and fewer close and exciting games than we are accustomed to see, because some of the strongest teams have not played each other. History repeats itself, and this year, as last, the result of the Yale-Harvard series was a foregone conclusion, while Yale really won the college championship for 1895 when, in the second game with Princeton, she profited by Princeton's poor judgment, and was rewarded for her magnificent uphill game by victory and the championship.

The Yale-Princeton and the Yale-Brown series were both stubbornly fought, and Yale won both, though Brown took the third game after Yale had won the first two by close scores. Yale also won from Harvard, and did not play Pennsylvania.

Princeton comes next, having won the series with Harvard, Pennsylvania, Brown, and Cornell, also succeeding in taking two of the three games with the strong Georgetown team.

Then come Pennsylvania, Brown, Cornell, and Harvard, in about the order named, all having strong teams and playing some remarkably good games. Georgetown and Holy Cross deserve special mention, and they will be noticed later on.

A feature of this season has been the indifference of the best teams to defeat by the smaller colleges.

1895 has shown no advance in college baseball, partly from lack of material and partly from lack of spirit. The latter, at least, can be remedied.

This is general criticism. Some of the old men have shown the same effective, careful work, and with the addition of three or four new ones, a representative college team can be selected. Perhaps it is well to say here that members of an All-American College Team must combine playing ability with sportsmanly qualities.

There have been a few really first-class catchers this season. These are Greenway of Yale, Trenchard of Princeton, Sullivan of Georgetown, and Draper of Williams.

Although Trenchard caught a beautiful game, and has made the pace rather hot, Greenway deserves the position. This is Greenway's last year in college athletics, and his departure will be a source of genuine regret. His record as a catcher is the best the college baseball world has shown in years. His backstop work and throwing have been above criticism. Carter has pitched to him with perfect confidence, and together they are the best battery Yale ever had.

Trenchard has caught in excellent form, his throw much improved, and his hitting better than last year. He is a hard, fearless player, and ranks next to Greenway.

Sullivan deserves especial mention for his catching and hitting. His hitting has been especially good, and he easily ranks with the best men of the season. Draper has kept up his good record of last year, and his catching and hitting have done much towards Williams's success this year. He is well built and a fine thrower, and has made an excellent pitcher out of Lewis.

Yale has had easily the best of it, so far as pitchers go. Even though Carter's injury to his pitching arm made it necessary for Trudeau to finish all the important games, yet the latter's work was careful and effective, and he is entitled to be classed with the best pitchers of the season.

In spite of a lame arm, Carter has shown enough of his true form to give him the position of pitcher. There is no other pitcher in his class when he is himself; and he has played this season when most men would have retired. His batting average is .450, with a total of nearly twice that, and he is unquestionably the best pitcher Yale ever had.

In spite of her three pitchers, Princeton showed weakness in the box at the last moment. Altman pitched a fine game at New Haven, and Easton and Wilson have both pitched clever games; but none of these men seem to be wholly reliable. Easton's best effort was against Georgetown at Princeton, when he allowed but two hits to a team of very strong hitters.

Mahoney of Georgetown has a fine record. He has won most of his games, and as a hitter is nearly equal to Carter. He is a large, powerful man, with fine speed and curves, and is the best pitcher Georgetown ever had. During the season he defeated Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania.

Schoenhut of Pennsylvania has been worked too hard, otherwise he would have been a far better man than last year. Highlands of Harvard and White of Brown have not improved. Smith of Cornell and Lewis of Williams deserve mention, especially the latter, who is the best pitcher the New England League has shown for several seasons. He has good speed and a deceptive drop-ball. Pond of Vermont holds the record of strike-outs of the season. He retired seventeen Holy Cross men in that way, and a few days before struck out eleven Harvard men. He is one of the best of the season.

No new men have shown any startling qualities as first-basemen this season, and that leaves us with four really good ones, all well above the average.

These are Goeckle of Pennsylvania, Otto of Princeton, Bustard of Brown, and Stephenson of Yale. This is about the order in which they were placed last year, and their work this season proves that last year's ranking was fair.

Goeckle has played first base for Pennsylvania four seasons, and his improvement has been marked in every way. His left-handed throw is very accurate, and he has overcome the fault of carelessness in this respect. He is a heavily built man and very active. As a hitter he has few superiors, and can always be depended on to play his game. He has made an enviable record at first base, and is not really hard pressed by any of the others.

Although Otto has made no decided improvement this year, yet he is the next best man.

Bustard last year seemed a coming man, but he has captained a team hard to manage this season, and his work has consequently not been quite up to expectations. Had he improved he would have slipped in ahead of Otto.

Stephenson continually threatens to be an exceptionally good first baseman. His work at times is brilliant, and he is a valuable man, but he seems unable to push himself to that extra effort which would put him on a par with Goeckle.

In second-basemen we do not find such players as was Stearns of last year, yet the season has shown several very lively men who are all well bunched for honors. The best have been Ward of Princeton, Curley of Holy Cross, Donovan of Brown, Quinby of Yale, and Diehl of Cornell. Ward has made himself into a fine second-baseman. He played in the out-field last year and showed promise of general baseball ability. He is a player who makes his opponents play carefully. His hitting, fielding, and base-running have been very strong, and although never brilliant, yet his general play has been excellent. Curley of Holy Cross has been one of the best second-basemen of the season. He is a careful fielder, a good hitter, and a man who plays with much spirit. He has played on a good team and was the best man on it. Donovan is no better than he was last year. Always a strong player, who gets all he deserves, yet his fielding has been careless and he has failed to hit in emergencies. He struck out at New Haven when a hit would have given victory to Brown, and this, too, when the pitched balls were not very near the plate. Quinby of Yale has done well, and should have been played at second base long ago. The distance is much better adapted to his throw, and his whole game has improved since he has played there. A slight injury kept him out of the last games, but he should be one of the best next year. Diehl has made a good record this year. His hitting and fielding have both been above the average. Ward is the best all-round second-baseman of the season, with Curley as a substitute.

Brooks of Princeton, Whittemore of Harvard, Louder of Brown, and Rustin of Yale are the best of a rather poor lot of short-stops. Brooks has not made a particularly good captain, and although he has made some mistakes yet his general utility makes him the best man in sight. Brooks is a fine base-runner and a good hitter. His fielding is ragged at times, but that weakness seems to have affected all short-stops this season. The rest of the short stops have all been more or less handicapped throughout the season. Louder has done some catching, Whittemore has been injured, and Rustin has been simply filling a gap in his own team when there seemed to be no other available man. Louder's work has been very good, and he is a very hard hitter. Whittemore has shown really more good qualities than any other of this season's short-stops, and if he could have finished the season, Brooks would have had to look to his laurels. Rustin has played a strong game, and has done fully as well as Case did last year. Rustin is a good hitter and fair base-runner and a most valuable man for any team.

For third base a man is needed who is a quick, sure thrower, who uses his head, and is a good hitter. With such a one the in-field of the All-American Team will be well balanced. The best third-basemen of the season have been Beaman of Wesleyan, Blakeley of Pennsylvania, Gunster of Princeton, Lowney of Brown. Beaman has been called into service as pitcher part of this year for unknown reasons. He is far too good a third baseman to fade away into the army of poor pitchers. Last year Beaman did not play, but his record for the year before was of high order. He is the best man Wesleyan has had in years—strong, cool, effective, and a hitter. Blakeley, Gunster, and Lowney are all above the average. Gunster is the cleanest fielder of the three, but far inferior to both Blakeley and Lowney as a hitter. Blakeley is not quite up to his last year's form, but is generally a very reliable man and a good hitter. Lowney has played a strong steady game for Brown and deserves credit.

This season has developed a large number of fine out-fielders, and here, at least, is found an embarrassment of riches. The competition has been very sharp and the selection is a hard one. A first-class out-fielder must cover ground, be a sure catch, and able to throw to the plate. Many men come up to these requirements, and the pick are Bradley of Princeton, Speer of Yale, Redington of Yale, Hollister of Pennsylvania, Fultz of Brown, Rand of Harvard, Payne of Princeton, and Keator of Yale.

Bradley has developed into almost an ideal right-fielder. He uses his head and plays the position for all it is worth. His hitting has been remarkably sure and strong, and he is surely entitled to his position on the All-American Team as the best out-fielder of the season.

The best centre-fielders of the season have been Redington and Hollister, and the choice is a difficult one between these two men. A careful examination of the records of both players gives the preference to Redington; he has proved a trifle more reliable, having played in every game this season and made but two errors. Hollister's fielding record is not up to this, and it is hard to overlook his muff which gave Georgetown a victory. As a hitter, too, Redington is the surer, and he is a better base-runner. In throwing both men are about equal.

Payne has played in his '93 form, and that entitles him to the position of left-fielder. Payne's fielding has been a trifle ragged at times, but his hitting and base-running have been sure and effective.

Had Speer begun the season as he ended it he would have won a place on the All-American team. His hitting has been hard and timely, especially in the first games with Harvard and Princeton, and he closes his career on the Yale field with honor.

Fultz's hitting and fielding have made him Brown's best out-fielder, and Rand and Keator have shown exceptional qualities, and next year should be about the best.

Yale has been somewhat ragged in work, but the team has played a fast, fearless game, and shown admirable staying powers. Captain Rustin has done well, and he, like last year's captain, left a brilliant record in the out-field and came in to fill the gap at short stop, a position for which he was not fitted. But for the injury to Carter's arm, Yale would have had no trouble in winning all the important series; as it was, however, she barely won from Princeton in each game played, and Brown gave her a scare. Georgetown beat her badly on the spring trip, and Yale has seemed to let everything go this season except the Princeton, Harvard, and Brown series. These were all-important, and these Yale managed to win. Yale has hit better this year as a team than for several years past, and gave a pretty exhibition of it at Princeton. Carter, Rustin, Redington, Speer, and Keator have all done especially well. When Carter could not pitch he was used in the field, and Trudeau has richly improved the opportunities this season has given him. Next year he will be Yale's mainstay, and there seems no occasion to fear weakness in the box.

The Princeton team, as usual, outclassed all her rivals in the beginning. As the season advanced her team showed marked improvement, but after she had shown her superiority over Harvard, Pennsylvania, Brown, and Cornell, she went down twice before Yale, even though Carter was not in condition.

Pennsylvania was not nearly as strong as last year. She has missed Coogan behind the bat, and Thomas and Reese in the out-field. Captain Blakeley proved a good captain, but his work seems to have been affected by the additional duties. Coutrell and Avil have been rather weak at short field and second base. Schoenhut is a first-class pitcher, but his record has suffered from overwork. He has hit well, and deserves much credit for his season's play. As a whole, the nine has seemed to lack its last year's confidence, and the team batting and fielding have fallen far below last season's high mark.

The work of Brown was not up to last year's standard.

Cornell has missed Young's services behind the bat, but the work of the team has been excellent.

Although the Harvard team has been weak this year, yet they have played some very creditable games, and finished the season strong. Captain Whittemore is a worker, and has done well with the material at hand. If he had not been injured he would have finished among the leaders in his position. He has hit well and played hard, and deserves the thanks of all Harvard men. Wrenn has played with life, and shows good promise. Harvard's great weakness this season has been in hitting. Whether this is due to the new system they adopted, or because they are not natural hitters, is hard to say. The former reason has doubtless much to do with this weakness, as many of Harvard's team showed excellent promise last season.

Georgetown will be entitled to consideration when it is made up of *bona fide* students.

Holy Cross has played a fine team game, and deserves mention.

Williams won the New England Championship again through the fine battery-work of Draper and Lewis.

AMATEUR SPORT

"DEFENDER'S" SECOND RACE AGAINST "VIGILANT," July 22d, emphasized the good impression the former had already made in gentle breezes. It was the most satisfactory showing *Defender* had made, and not the least pleasing feature of the new yacht's work has been the continued improvement on every appearance. She does not seem likely to disappoint us by any of the erratic performances to which we have grown accustomed in the crack racers. Although we are quite as much in the dark as before as to how much faster is *Vigilant* in her improved form, and therefore without means of an intelligent line on *Defender's* speed, the latter has revealed enough to convince us that if she is unsuccessful in her race against *Valkyrie*, it will be because the British challenger is a marvel. Nothing short of a marvel will beat *Defender* in light weather, and if all accounts be true, *Valkyrie* very nearly answers that description. A letter received this week from a yachting friend tells me that he saw the race in which *Valkyrie* gave *Britannia* the nineteen-minute beating; he was on a steam-launch that could speed 15 knots handily, and yet they had all they could do to keep up to *Valkyrie*. The utmost speed *Defender* has shown yet, I believe, was on the run home on the first day's race vs. *Vigilant*, when at times she did about 12 knots. But comparisons of this sort are entirely untrustworthy. People like to talk of the sailing qualities shown by the work of the two yachts, and to read of what they could, would, or should have done, which is the reason we write so much on the subject; but, to be candid, such discussion is fallacious.

WHEN "VALKYRIE" WAS GIVING THIS 15-KNOT steam-launch all it could do to keep up, my correspondent writes me, a fine club-topsail breeze of about eighteen to twenty knots' strength was blowing. These were just about the weather conditions that obtained when *Defender* made her twelve knots, but no sane man would conclude therefrom that *Valkyrie* is three knots per hour faster than *Defender*. It may read paradoxical, but it is true, nevertheless, that it blows stronger without blowing harder on the other side than it does here. It is wellnigh impossible to compare the speed of yachts in different waters by means of strength of wind and condition of sea, for one's calculations can never be accurate enough to depend upon. Until *Valkyrie* arrives and gives us an exhibition in these waters we cannot know the ratio of *Defender's* chances of success. Meanwhile we do know that both yachts have been constructed for light weather, and that each is remarkably fast; *Valkyrie* evinced great tenderness in a strong breeze she encountered on her first appearance; *Defender* has not yet been tested under such conditions, but carries her present sail spread with such ease that she will very likely be given a 106-foot boom.

"DEFENDER'S" WIN FROM *Vigilant* by 9 minutes and 17 seconds over a thirty-mile triangular course would indicate, through *Vigilant* and *Britannia*, if any dependence could be placed on such comparisons, that *Defender* and *Valkyrie III.* are about equal under such conditions; at all events *Defender's* exhibition in the second race was much more comforting to the average onlooker than her first trial against *Vigilant* had been. The weather was just the kind of which we have so much in the races off Scotland Light-ship—light and shifting winds, with an occasional flattening out, and at all times *Defender's* performance left nothing to be desired. As a drifter *Vigilant* seemed to be a trifle the better, but in the lightest air in which it would be possible to complete the course within the time limit of six hours, *Defender* moved away from *Vigilant* with a speed quite remarkable. *Defender* got the better of the start by about thirty seconds and the windward position, but the wind hauled farther aft immediately after the yachts crossed the line, and *Vigilant* under spinnaker closed up until almost abeam of *Defender*. The wind now shifted forward, and spinnaker being taken in, *Defender* went away from *Vigilant*, and continued to increase her lead to the end of the race. On the first ten-mile leg of the triangle *Defender*, in reaching and running, beat *Vigilant* 1 minute and 36 seconds; on the second, a beat to windward, she gained 5 minutes and 32 seconds; on the third, with sheets eased a bit, she gained 2 minutes and 9 seconds. The velocity of the wind reported at Sandy Hook was 16 knots at the start, 11.30; 13 at one o'clock, 11 at two o'clock, and 15 at three o'clock; but it did not seem so strong outside, and there was not a solitary white-cap in sight at any time. *Defender* had the better of the luck on the second leg, when she was the first to get an off-shore breeze, but the finish was considered to very correctly represent the difference under such weather conditions between the two yachts. Neither of them have been measured, and we shall probably not know the corrected time until after the New York Yacht Club cruise.

SPECULATION OVER "DEFENDER'S" MODEL was ended last week by the yacht being dry-docked in Erie Basin. Her owners are to be congratulated on their sportmanship and sound sense in casting secrecy to the winds and giving yachtsmen an opportunity of viewing the lines of the new defender. It was a departure as novel as wise; hitherto only a favored few have been vouchsafed a peep at the yachts built to defend the cup in which the many are interested. What we lack in America is a more general yachting interest, and this is one of the ways to encourage it; an annual winter exhibition of models would be another excellent way.

The beauty of *Defender's* lines have never been equalled, despite her being cut away to a great extent both forward and aft. The form gives the impression of ease; there is not a hard section in her; all the lines are beautifully and smoothly carried out, and her bilge is the easiest seen on any modern racer. Both the bow and stern lines are particularly fine, and easily explain the lack of commotion with which *Defender* slips through the water. She is full amidships, with a bilge carried below the water-line, and in a handsome curve gradually terminating in the fin keel or fixed centreboard, whichever it may be called. In place of the straight long keel of *Vigilant*, *Defender's* is more like *Valkyrie II.*, short, and showing a continuous curve. She may be called an improved fin-keel, or a fixed centreboard, as best suits one's predilections for either type. *Jubilee* and *Pilgrim* were fin-keels, and *Defender* differs from them, with regard to the fin, in so much that while their fins were plates fastened to the hull, *Defender's* hull has been carried down farther, and is part of the fin itself, to the bottom of which is the bulb lead keel about three feet in diameter and 15 feet long. Her draught is very close to 22 feet.

THE COMBINATION CRUISE of the Larchmont and Atlantic yacht clubs turned out well for each club, since it was the best either had ever sailed singly. Despite the lowering skies and fluky winds that prevailed for several days, good sport was furnished, the racing being very keen throughout, and there were no deserters. Naturally interest centred upon W. Gould Brokaw's new Cary-Smith schooner *Amorita*, and her work proved her worthy of all attention. No yacht in my recollection has shown such consistent form in what can truly be called her first week of racing. She has beaten *Elsiemarie* on every occasion the two have met, and shown splendid form on all points of sailing. She has not yet sailed so fast as *Emerald*, which some thought she would do, notwithstanding the difference in l.w.l., but she has approached nearer than any yacht of her dimensions. *Sachem*, *Loyal*, *Katrina*, *Penguin*, *Norota*, *Almira*, all did well in their respective classes. *Ramona*, Commodore H. M. Gillig's flag-ship, showed herself the same old reliable, and the management of the cruise left nothing to be desired. The classes almost invariably filled, the contests were close enough to be interesting, and about 41 first and second (the latter being awarded only when four or more yachts started) prizes were awarded. Prize-winners and number won by each are as follows:

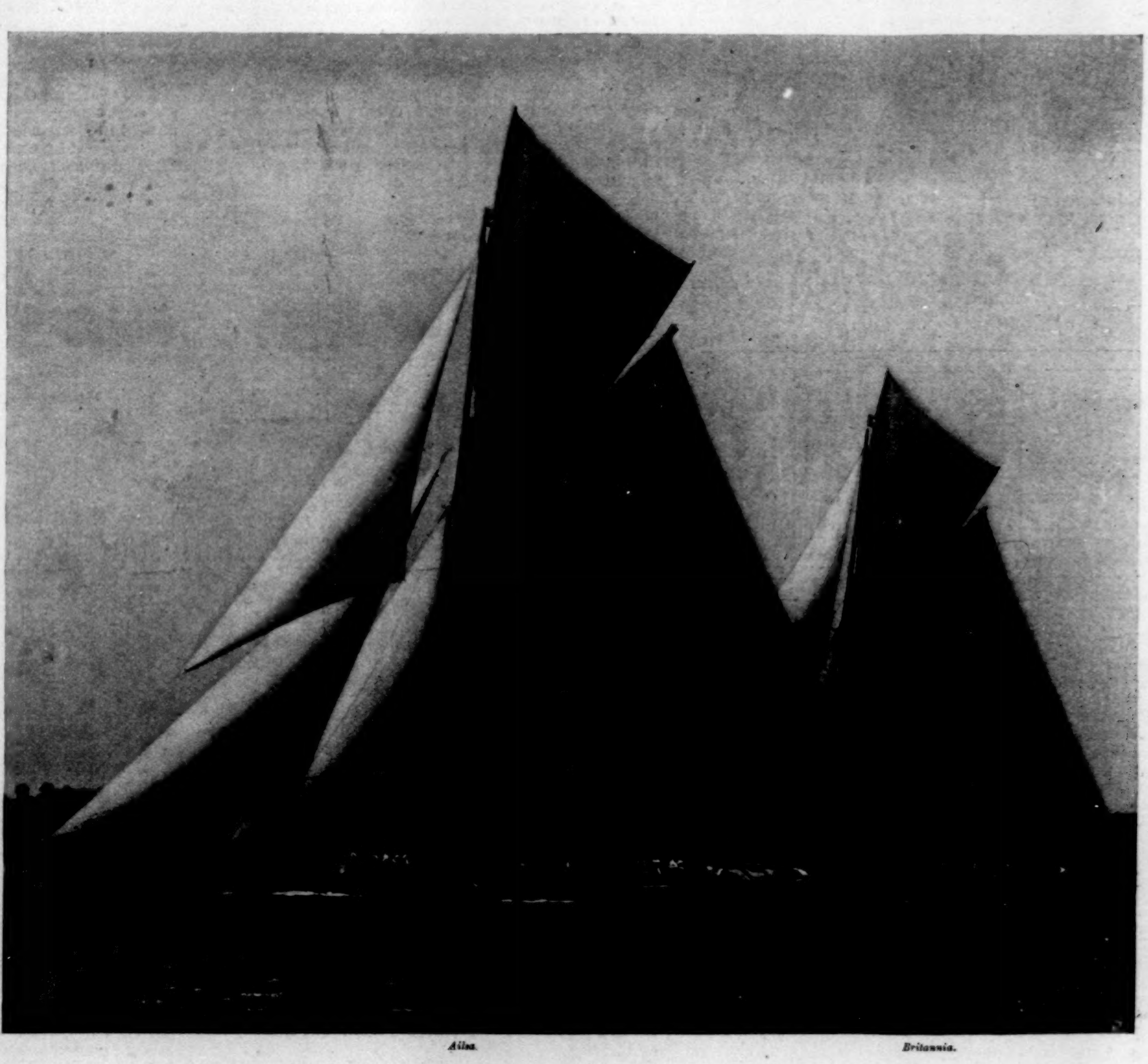
First prize: *Amorita*, 3; *Norota*, 3; *Emerald*, 2; *Katrina*, 2; *Minerva*, 2; *Loyal*, 2; *Ramona*, *Ventura*, *Eclipse*, *Gossoon*, *Penguin*, *Dragoon*, *Infanta*, and *Almira*, 1 each. Second prize: *Sachem*, 3; *Awa*, 3; *Gossoon*, 2; *Cavalier*, 2; *Eclipse*, *Minerva*, *Tigress*, *Senorita*, *Kathleen*, *Infanta*, and *Almira*, 1 each.

The Larchmont Club, with characteristic sportsmanship and enterprise, has already issued a prospectus for a week of racing by day, and club entertainment by night, beginning July 18, 1896. It is the first attempt in America to have a week of sport, such as that at Cannes or Nice, and we may be sure the Larchmont Club will carry it to a successful issue.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE will rendezvous and start this year as usual on the 29th, and from Glen Cove. But an innovation, and a very wise one, will be made by Commodore Brown in having the race for his handsome cups on that day, with the finish at Huntington. Hitherto when cups have been sailed for at Glen Cove it has meant a day's delay in the cruise. This year the fleet may have its run, see the race, and anchor a day's sail from where they started. Commodore Brown last year gave us the best cruise and most satisfactorily managed races the N.Y.Y.C. had ever shown, and we have good reason therefore to look for at least as much sport in this our international yacht-racing year.

THERE IS A SENSE in which it is positively refreshing to turn from the various unsportsmanlike collegiate and other athletic wrangles to the present cricket "situation" in Philadelphia. Of course I shall not for a moment be understood to imply that I think it commendable for the Philadelphia cricket clubs to get into difficulties over the distribution of their international matches, or even that I think these difficulties were unavoidable, for I do not think they were. Probably not one in a hundred of my readers is aware that there is such a "situation." As a matter of fact the split has been serious, so serious that there will be two rival English elevens playing in Philadelphia this autumn, with no longer any hope of a compromise. And yet there has been absolutely not a word of public bickering. There have been no "interviews" with "old graduates," no "statements" from "members of the '94 team," no "demands for apologies," in short, nothing calculated to aggravate or inflame. The contending clubs have simply conducted their differences privately, and with good-breeding. But what a commentary it is upon our present methods that such a natural course should call for grateful recognition!

THE SITUATION IS AN UNFORTUNATE one in certain aspects for Philadelphia cricket. The element of good about it is that it must in the end force a practical compromise where a theoretical compromise could not be agreed upon. Given five cricket clubs of varying degrees of strength and importance, four of which possess grounds fit for international matches, only two of which have hitherto been played in Philadelphia in a season, and the dispute is read at a glance. But the appeal to an *ultima ratio* is likely to prove expensive—both of money and wickets. Neither the associated clubs, comprising Merion, Belmont, Philadelphia, and Tioga, nor Germantown, which stands alone, declining to yield its seniority, can put a sufficiently strong eleven into the field. The associated clubs will have to play without Patterson, Bohlen, Clark, Ralston, and the Browns; G.C.C. will be without the two best bowlers in Philadelphia, King and Baily, supposing Baily to be able to play this year. Under ordinary circumstances the Gen-



Ailsa. *Britannia.*

"AILSA" AND "BRITANNIA."

tlemen of Philadelphia should certainly be able to win from Mitchell's university eleven, made up from this year's Cambridge and Oxford elevens, which will play the associated clubs, and probably split even with the eleven which Kenneth McAlpine will bring to Manheim. But there can be very little hope that of the five games scheduled for decision in Philadelphia next autumn the home players, divided into two different elevens, will pull off a single one. From what I hear, McAlpine's eleven, which will also be composed of university men, graduates and undergraduates, will be very strong in bowling.

The University of Pennsylvania has been offered a past and present match with both the visiting teams. One of these will probably be arranged, though, owing to the conflict of dates, the Pennsylvania eleven will be short its full strength in any event. However, any representative Philadelphia cricket team is largely composed of Pennsylvania graduates. This match would have a significance on which I need not dwell.

It was a decidedly progressive move that the cricketers of the American universities made when they instituted international matches with the Canadian universities; and the first match, played in Philadelphia on the 1st and 2d of the month, inaugurated a series which ought to grow in interest with every year. This initial match resulted in a very good win for the American universities, considering that the team was short the services of J. A. Lester, the best bat among the American collegians, and that the wicket-keeper, Arthur Brockie, had to retire, owing to a bad cut over the eye. Because of the slow wicket and the remarkably straight bowling on both sides, not much is to be said of the batting, though Martin for Canada and Norman Henry for America showed good form. The best work that the Americans did was in keeping down Canada's score in the second innings to under sixty, when only a little over the hundred was needed to win. There is nothing like a young team for fielding.

On the Canadian side Trinity and Toronto were most numerously represented, and such familiar names as Laing, Wadsworth, and Senkler were seen. At present cricket is played with us only at Harvard, Haverford, and Pennsylvania, Harvard drawing her players from Philadelphia, Longwood, and St. Paul's School. St. Paul's is practically the only public-school nursery of the game we have; but nothing could do more to give cricket vitality at the other great preparatory schools than international university contests. And the prospect is good, for not only have the Canadian matches been begun, but Pennsylvania is looking forward to past and present matches with Oxford and Cambridge. The Cambridge match will probably be played this year. In the interests of international sport nothing could be better than for Groton, Berkeley, and other such schools to bring over a couple of good professionals and establish the game. There are, by-the-way, few better drill-masters for boys than really competent and experienced "profs."

It was a very graceful thing for the Prince of Wales to do—the sending of a congratulatory letter to Dr. Grace, when that greatest of batters had scored a thousand runs within a month. When a man is past forty-seven, to have done that much against the strongest bowlers in the world is a notable performance, and for the heir to the crown to felicitate one of his cricketing subjects was certainly very English, but none the worse for that. Fancy President Cleveland doing likewise to the crack batter of a university baseball nine! Likely as not the whole United States would be shaken to its centre. Perhaps, after all, they are less starched and conventional in England than in the United States.

The Western inter-collegiate athletic championship meeting was interesting chiefly from the point of general improvement, which brings the Western standard so much closer to the Eastern. Thirteen records were broken, a fact of itself showing how extensive that improvement has been. California won with 37 points. Wisconsin was second with 17 points. Below a table shows the Western records for '94 and '95 as well as the Eastern inter-collegiate records:

Event.	Western. 1894.	Western. 1895.	Eastern.
100-yard dash....	10 sec	10 sec.	10 sec.
1-mile walk......	7 m. 41 "	7 m. 31 2-5 "	6 m. 52 4-5 "
120-yard hurdle..	16 2-5 "	16 3-5 "	15 4-5 "
440-yard run.....	51 2-5 "	50 3-5 "	50 4-5 "
1-mile bicycle....	2 " 46 4-5 "	2 " 46 "	
1-mile run.......	4 " 38 3-5 "	4 " 36 2-5 "	4 " 23 2-5 "
220-yard dash....	22 2-5 "	22 "	21 4-5 "
220-yard hurdle..	26 2-5 "	27 1-5 "	24 3-5 "
880-yard run.....	2 " 3 2-5 "	1 " 59 4-5 "	1 " 57 1-5 "
High jump	5 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 9 in.	6 ft. 1-2 in.
Shot put	38 " 4 "	38 " 10 1-2 "	42 " 11 1-2 "
Broad jump	21 "	21 " 9 "	22 " 11 1-4 "
Throw'g hammer	100 " 10 "	123 " 9 1-2 "	135 " 7 1-2 "
Pole vault.......	10 "	10 " 9 "	11 " 2 3-4 "

In the games, Hall of Michigan put the shot 44 ft. ¾ in., which almost reaches Hickok's best, and Le Roy, also of Michigan, made 22 ft. 7½ in. in the broad jump. Both of these men, however, were disqualified on the grounds of professionalism by the Executive Committee. Hall had coached a football team for money, and Le Roy had competed under an assumed name. The committee ruled that Le Roy should be allowed to compete provided he was reinstated by the Amateur Athletic Union, but as he failed of this his record was thrown out.

Michigan on this account has withdrawn from the Western Association, believing she has been unfairly treated. This is a very unsportsmanlike position, which will materially injure Michigan's athletic reputation. The Executive Committee deserves great praise for its effort to keep Western athletics pure. By insisting that the games shall be conducted on the strictest amateur lines it has done more to encourage Western amateur sport than a dozen world's records could have accomplished.

The baseball season which has just closed in the middle West has been, on the whole, much more satisfactory than those of previous years. Teams representing colleges and universities received better training and played a stronger game than they did two years ago. The West has produced two exceptionally good nines this spring whose work will compare favorably with many of the Eastern colleges, viz., those of the universities of Michigan and Chicago. Early in the season each met and defeated all the colleges which might be considered a factor in the championship, so that great interest was created in the struggle between them when they came together. Chicago won the first game, on home grounds, 13–1, showing great strength in batting, as Sexton of Michigan was knocked out of the box in the third inning. He was substituted by Watkins, who, although much more effective than Sexton, was hit freely by Chicago. Clarke pitched a good game for Chicago, allowing Michigan only five scratch hits, and showing coolness and excellent generalship. Both nines fielded well. The second game was played at Ann Arbor, June 10th, and resulted in a victory for Michigan, 6–4. Sexton pitched in splendid form, and won the game in the eighth inning, after Chicago had tied the score, by a timely three-base hit, which scored McKenzie. Brown pitched for Chicago, as Clarke had injured his back. Shields in centre, Conduon, catcher, and Sexton did the best work for Michigan, while Nichols, at short, and Jones, catcher, played the best game for Chicago. Both of these men are strong batters, and Nichols showed his all-round ability by putting up as good a game at short as he had done in the box or behind the bat. Owing to unfortunate delay on Manager Stagg's part the Michigan team was allowed to disband for the season before they were challenged for a third game, so the series resulted in a tie.

Apropos of Cornell at Henley, I have received a letter from an Oxford man, from which I am sure some excerpts will make interesting and pleasing reading for American sportsmen:

"It is not generally known that they had been positively instructed to row the race through from the word 'go,' regardless of whatever might happen. The only possible explanation for this is that a crew that fails to start is technically disqualified. But as every sportsman knows that the rule has always been suspended in the interests of true sport this explanation is scarcely adequate. Yet the fact that the Cornell eight were so instructed exonerates them from the blame—if any—of not returning for Leander.

"After the row-over, however, there was no reason why the Cornell captain might not, if he had chosen, have offered to row the heat again. The Leander crew—as indeed all other sportsmen—were eager to see the race; and, moreover, the best counsel in the Cornell camp strongly advised it. 'What did we come over for,' said a member of the Cornell faculty, 'if not to row the best English crew?' Yet even at this time the majority of English boating-men, impatient as they were at the unfortunate misunderstanding, were deprecating the clamor raised against Cornell. . . . Thus from the beginning the best sense of both sides was in harmony. . . . That this state of affairs failed to produce concord appeared to me to be due—I must speak plainly—to the fact that the ruling genius in the Cornell navy is neither a university man nor an amateur. One can but hope that the disgrace of being beaten by the second choice among the English crews will emphasize the fact that in amateur contests generosity to a rival is not only pleasanter, but in the long-run—though ordinarily one would blush to say it—is more profitable.

. . . . "That Leander would have returned had Cornell been in similar hard luck at the start most English boating-men believe; but they are almost as unanimous in saying that they have no blame for the Cornell eight.

. . . . "There are many sportsmen on both sides of the water whose hearts will beat with delight when all fortuitous advantages, whether they result from bad luck at the start or from byes, shall be sacrificed, when possible, in the interests of true sport. Yet it is only the scribe and the pharisee that throw the stone. England joins with America in praising the pluck and energy that brought Cornell to this side of the water in quest of sport; and England at least will be sorry if the mishaps of the present season stand in the way of future cousinly meetings. The defeat of Cornell will at least emphasize the fact—strangely ignored in America—that the best crews at Henley are, if anything, better than the university crews, and therefore offer quite as worthy a contest as one between Yale and Oxford, for instance. As things appear to be shaping themselves in America, Yale and Harvard will be free to enter for the Grand. May I suggest that by making the venture they would probably not only promote international harmony, but come to view each other in a more lenient frame of mind?"

The Seabright tournament promised much through the newspapers, but, to be candid, furnished us with very little of an exciting nature in the singles, until the cup round between Larned, holder, and Howland, winner of tournament. It was expected, after the drawings were announced, that Stevens and Howland would meet in the final round, and this time the expected happened. Howland repeated his Orange and Crescent Athletic Club victories, winning by a score of 7–5, 6–1, 4–6, 6–3, and confirmed the general opinion that at his best he is a little too strong for Stevens. Howland's game shows improvement in every tournament in which he plays. He drives, volleys, and smashes well, and his backhand is strong. His three defeats of Stevens, as well as his early victories over Chace and Larned at New Haven, show that he is very close to our leading players, and is quite apt to climb higher before the season closes.

In the challenge match, when he met Howland, Larned, with good results, played more carefully than usual. For two sets the match was closely contested, and Howland seemed to be holding his own. Then Howland weakened, tiring perceptibly, and the last two sets went to Larned rather easily—score, 7–5, 4–6, 6–1, 6–2. Contrary to his usual custom Larned lobbed a number of times during the match, and waited quite patiently for opportunities to kill the ball—suggesting that he may have learned something from the methods of Pim and Mahoney. Thus the Seabright Cup becomes the personal property of Larned, who, by beating Howland this year, scored his third successive win of the trophy. It was the third meeting of the season between these two players, Howland having been the victor but once, when he defeated Larned in the New England championship tournament in the semi-final round—7–5, 4–6, 8–6.

The doubles were very interesting, once the final round had been reached. Foote and Howland and Hobart and Millett outclassed the other teams, and each gained the finals with the loss of a single set. Hobart and Millett, who are clubmates, work together nearly as well as do Hobart and Hovey, while Howland and Foote have been partners so often they know each other's game to a nicety. Team-work, which is so often lacking, was therefore a welcome feature of this contest. At their first encounter darkness interrupted an exciting match, with the score two sets all and two games all in the fifth sets. It was agreed to start all over again, and on the following day Howland and Foote won the first sets, and reached six, five, and thirty love in the second, when Hobart and Millett braced and took the set and the next two with a rush, gaining a well-earned victory. Score, 3–6, 8–6, 6–3, 6–3.

Quite the surprise at Seabright, in a mild way, was the showing of Candler, who has come into tournament play again this year, after stopping out for several seasons. Howland had quite a tussle with him, though no one doubted the eventual result would be, as it was, in Howland's favor, 6–3, 8–6. The tournament exhibited a number of players from the humbler ranks, but was none the less interesting, if lacking in excitement, on that account. The more encouragement given these players, the more first-class men we are assured.

It seems to me, by-the-way, too much freedom is permitted or suggested to the papers in the use of the names of our leading players. In some instances this is a species of quack advertising that does not commend itself to sportsmen, and should be stamped out; but more frequently it is caused by the fickleness of the players themselves. They make promises to attend tournaments, and break them, with slight regard for the unpleasant position in which they place club officers or the disappointment caused spectators. Much time and money is expended by some clubs to provide a week of good tennis, and the least players can do is to fulfil their engagements. There are only a few tournaments in the season that bring together the leading men, and it will be unfortunate if the number be lessened through the disgust of club officers at the failure of players to keep their promises.

Not the least notable feature of the Longwood tournament was the excellent showing of Malcolm Whitman and Leo Ware. Last spring Ware beat Whitman in the finals for the Harvard interscholastic championship, but at Longwood, Whitman, who had previously won from Paret, defeated Ware, 3–6, 6–2, 6–3, 6–1, in a match in which both played exceedingly good tennis, and Whitman showed the best form of his career.

It was not to be expected that Whitman would win from Hovey, but that a scholastic player should reach the finals of a Longwood tournament is sufficient commentary on the improvement being made by the younger generation.

Champion Wrenn made his first tournament appearance of the season, and although giving glimpses of his old form in the Budlong match, which he won, 7–5, 6–4, 6–8, 6–1, it was evident to the onlookers that he must succumb to Hovey. It was therefore no surprise when Hovey beat him, 4–6, 6–4, 6–3, 6–4, in a rather slow match.

Hovey's win over Wrenn should not be taken too seriously. Hovey played poor tennis, but the champion played worse; hence his defeat. Wrenn has practised very little this season, and is far from championship form as yet. While Hovey and the other American cracks were training to meet the visiting British players at West Newton last month, Wrenn was playing baseball, and he has had only a few weeks' practice against poorer men when he met Hovey last week.

Wrenn has planned several weeks of hard work for himself, and will surely get into form before he is called upon to defend his title. He plays at Southampton this week, at Norwood Park next week, and at Narragansett the week after. Hovey's tennis of last Thursday was far from strong enough to win at Newport next month, and unless he shows much better form than that, the struggle for the All-comers, unless Hobart plays, will narrow down to Chace and Larned.

The exciting match of the week was expected to be that in which Hovey, as challenger, met Larned, holder of the Longwood Cup, but it proved for the most part rather tame. Hovey's tennis was poor, except for an occasional few games, and Larned's not brilliant, until the last set, though he showed much judgment in playing continuously to his opponent's backhand. Larned, in fact, won easily, without resorting to lobbing—6–4, 6–4, 4–6, 6–4—and seems to be attaining form.

The Cambridge-Yale athletic meeting is assured, after an exchange of communications that shows the sportsmanship of each university. Yale has not insisted on a 220 dash, and agrees to the 300 yards instead, while Cambridge accedes to October 5th as the date of contest.

It will be the first English university team to visit this country, and I incline to the belief that their entertainment should not be left solely to Yale, though no one will deny that Yale has earned the right to consider Cambridge as her individual guest. Nevertheless, the Englishmen should not be permitted to return to England without having received attention from Harvard and Princeton, as, with Yale, representing our oldest and best-known institutions. Here is one more opportunity for the University Athletic Club, though I have about concluded, after becoming informed on all the inter-collegiate squabbling during my absence, that the U. A. C. has forgotten it was organized with a mission.

The London A. C.–New York A. C. track-athletic contest, which will be held in New York during September, although ostensibly a trial between two great athletic clubs, each the representative of its country, will, in fact, be virtually a contest between England and the United States. The London A. C. team appears to include all the best men of Great Britain, and the New York A. C. has been diligently reaching forth for additional members to its already formidable list of active athletes. Conneff, the long-distance runner, and Burke, the Boston middle-distance performer, are reported engaged, and now comes a rumor that Stage, the Cleveland sprinter, is about to be added.

When I left for the Barren Lands, Stage had finished a season of professional baseball umpiring, and was, if I mistake not, a professional according to the spirit if not the letter of all amateur rulings. I should most strenuously object to his being whitewashed merely to compete against the Englishmen, and doubt if the N. Y. A. C. will place itself in so unsportsmanlike a light before the athletic world. Better to lose than win through anything of which we should be ashamed.

Columbia has doubly signalized her return to 'varsity rowing this year. The eight won a handsome victory over Cornell on the Hudson in June, and now an $18,000 boathouse is in course of construction on the Hudson. When finished, as it is expected it will be by autumn, the house will be the handsomest and most complete of its kind in the country. It is to be two stories, 50 × 86 feet, thoroughly fitted with the most modern arrangements for lockers, bathing, and the storage of boats, and will be used jointly by the 'varsity and class crews. It is not too much to say that these added facilities, of which Columbia has been in great need for years, will tend to arouse the boating interest to an enthusiastic pitch; and who knows but we shall see Columbia boating return to the prominence of a few years back.

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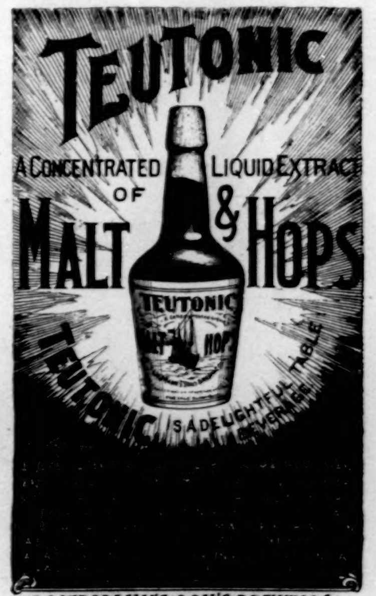

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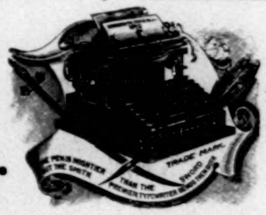

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